Commentary
December 2001

Could September 11 Have Been Averted?

Gabriel Schoenfeld

How Not to Conduct Jewish-Christian Dialogue

Jon D. Levenson

Romancing Depression

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Bellow's Gift—A Memoir

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Giacometti's Truth

Steven C. Munson

The Double Life of Miklós Rósza

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Books in Review

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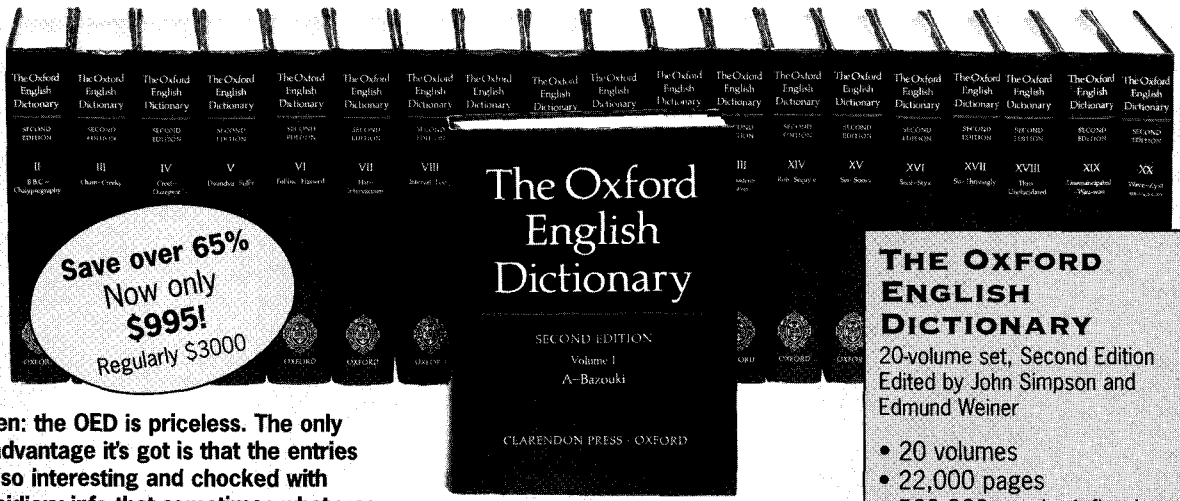

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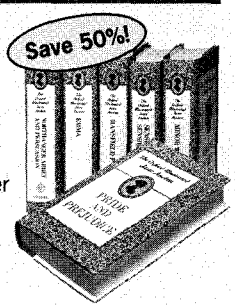

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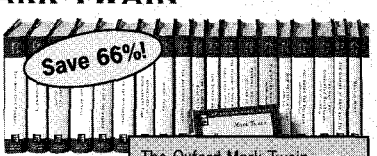

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Commentary
December 2001

Letters from Readers

Heresy?

To the Editor:

David Berger wildly exaggerates the significance of messianism among Orthodox Jews ["The Rebbe, the Jews, and the Messiah," September]. He would have us think that Orthodoxy has been "transformed," that, regarding the question of whether the messiah can come back from the dead, it has "effectively declared that Christians were correct all along and Jews were profoundly mistaken," and that "the classical messianic faith of Judaism is dying."

Oh, come on. Granted, some fuzzy thinkers in the Lubavitch movement persist in hoping that Rabbi Menachem Mendel Schneerson will return in messianic triumph. And granted, it is possible that mainstream Orthodoxy has underestimated the number of these enthusiasts.

But to suggest that messianism is a significant factor in Orthodox life or thinking is nonsense. Anyone who has any experience of a typical Orthodox community (excluding certain Lubavitch communities) will see immediately that Mr. Berger is guilty of melodrama. When I lived on New York's Upper West Side, the capital of modern Orthodoxy, when I spent Sabbaths with the strictly observant communities in Brooklyn and Staten Island, and today in my current synagogue where the rabbi is Lubavitch, the Rebbe-as-messiah hypothesis has been and remains a non-issue. You never hear anything about it—apart from every couple of years when Mr. Berger writes an article and a few excited e-mails are sent back and forth.

I am more worried about those of his readers who have little personal experience of Orthodoxy and so may be prepared to believe the worst. They should know that Mr. Berger is seeking to get us all worked up for nothing.

David Klinghoffer
Toward Tradition
Mercer Island, Washington

To the Editor:

David Berger suggests that Rabbi Schneerson himself promoted the notion that he was the messiah. Nothing could be farther from the truth. It is a matter of public record that the will he signed and had witnessed on February 14, 1988 dealt only with the same mundane topics that the will of any ordinary person would cover. Given the fact that, as Mr. Berger acknowledges, there is not one unambiguous statement attributed to the Rebbe explicitly connecting himself to messianic aspirations, the will alone stands as a declaration of the Rebbe's view of his own mortality.

If that is the case, why then (asks Mr. Berger) have the leaders of Lubavitch not repudiated the vocal minority who continue to proclaim the Rebbe as messiah?

The Talmud warns us that just as it is incumbent upon a person to admonish his neighbor when he knows that his words will be listened to, so it is incumbent upon a person *not* to do so when he suspects his words will *not* be heeded, for only disharmony and strife can result.

For some Lubavitchers, the grief of losing their Rebbe was so overwhelming that they could not arrive at a rational modus vivendi. For this they should be pitied, not excoriated. What would have been the likelihood of success had Lubavitch leaders taken Mr. Berger's advice and repudiated the messianic fringe? It might well have jeopardized the mission that the Rebbe had entrusted to them—to perpetuate Lubavitch's activities and institutions, even in the absence of the Rebbe. In the course of attempting to excise the heresy surgically, they might have done irreparable harm both to the Lubavitch movement and the unity of the Jewish people.

Today, when relative quiet reigns and success in sav-

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ing Jewish souls multiplies daily, there is even less reason to repudiate the messianic fringe simply to satisfy Mr. Berger's sense of propriety.

NAHUM L. GORDON
New York City

TO THE EDITOR:

It is important to emphasize that in the years immediately prior to the Rebbe's death in 1994, many of the statements attributed to him were really those of various leaders in the movement known to be close to him. During those years, the Rebbe was impaired by a series of strokes that left him not only physically disabled but aphasic and unable to communicate his thoughts clearly. David Berger admits that the Rebbe never explicitly proclaimed his messianic identity and "in the 80's he expressed strong criticisms of people who published messianic material."

Still, Mr. Berger is wrong when he states that a large segment of Lubavitch believes the Rebbe to be the messiah. The messianists are a vocal and well-funded minority; with the passage of time they will fade away.

Far more significant than Mr. Berger's exaggerations of Chabad (Lubavitch) messianism is the tremendous good done by the movement in preserving Judaism and awakening Jews to their faith. Mr. Berger's list of all the Chabad institutions (synagogues, *kashrut* supervisors, etc.) throughout the world reflects the fact that Chabad is keeping Judaism alive in countless far-flung places. The true mission of Chabad is to awaken and educate Jews, not to preach messianism.

BERNARD KABAKOW
New York City

TO THE EDITOR:

David Berger's suggestion that the Jewish community boycott Lubavitchers "whose beliefs [about messianism] have not been determined" smacks of bringing out the thought police. Jews had enough of that in Russia.

ROSALIE BROSILOW
Rehovot, Israel

TO THE EDITOR:

David Berger cites a 1997 ruling obligating Jews to accept the Rebbe as messiah, and lists Rabbi Berel Lazar, the chief rabbi of Russia, as one of its signatories. But it is well known that Rabbi Lazar and many others were the victims of forgery; they never signed this letter. It is unfortunate that Mr. Berger never deemed it important to investigate properly before delivering his rabid indictment.

LEVI MONDSHINE
Secretary
Chief Rabbinate of Russia
Moscow, Russia

TO THE EDITOR:

David Berger's timely exposition reveals why mainstream Orthodox Judaism has been ineffective in responding to the messianic turn within Chabad Hasidism. The Lubavitch movement is singular in its efforts to proselytize secular Jews, support social programs like prison outreach, and expand the base of Orthodox Judaism. Mainstream Orthodoxy will need to match the zeal of the Lubavitchers before it can persuasively engage in rebuking those who deviate from the traditional view of messianism. Still, careless and imprecise wording by obscure Chabad journals should not be a cause for alarmist claims that Chabad is slipping into "Christology"; the Lubavitch movement may be outside the pale of Orthodox Judaism, but a Christian view is nowhere on the horizon. Not a single person in the Chabad community would say he believes the deceased Rebbe literally to be God.

RICHARD NICOLETTI
Plainsboro, New Jersey

TO THE EDITOR:

David Berger quite rightly alerts us to the strand of messianism that seems to pervade some aspects of Lubavitch thought and life. But for most Jews (including myself), this belief is more of a silly embarrassment than a real challenge to Jewish identity. We can applaud the Lubavitch movement for its impressive organizational reach, its concern for all Jews, and its presence in all corners of the globe, but we need not buy into the misguided attempts by a few to transform a remarkable but dead leader into the messiah. We recognize that even as some of the Rebbe's supporters chant "Long live king *moshiach*," he is buried in a New York City cemetery and lives only metaphorically through the deeds and achievements of his followers and through the movement in which he played such a dynamic role. The Lubavitch movement should continue its good works, but it should also let the Rebbe rest in peace.

HAROLD B. ASPIS
Scarsdale, New York

TO THE EDITOR:

The extraordinary accomplishments of Chabad over the last decades, as well as the perspicacity and vision of the Rebbe, force even those outside the Chabad community to look on in awe and appreciation. Yet David Berger breathes new life into the old saying that if something seems too good to be true, it probably is.

Mr. Berger is surprised that the Orthodox community has not rushed fully and publicly to his side. But he has overlooked several factors.

Tension between Chabad and other Orthodox groups did not begin with the recent wave of messianism. Many began to think of Chabad as a movement doing its own thing, ideologically and practically, even during the reign of the Rebbe's predecessor. Indeed, the marginalizing of Chabad was aided by Chabad itself, which refused to call itself "Orthodox" in community listings, insisting instead on the sui generis designation "hasidic."

This divergence led to two kinds of response. In some circles, fears abounded that elements of Chabad were so extreme that, if pushed by other Orthodox Jews, they might walk out of the traditional community entirely, taking tens of thousands along with them. Better, it was argued, to allow the pendulum to swing back on its own.

Others argued the opposite: nothing Chabad did would reflect poorly on the rest of Orthodoxy because "everybody" understood that Chabad was not mainstream, and did not speak for the rest of traditional Jewry.

These observations do not detract, of course, from the immense import of Mr. Berger's essay. His words not only alert the Jewish world to a problem, but—we may hope—will also prod Chabad's leadership to

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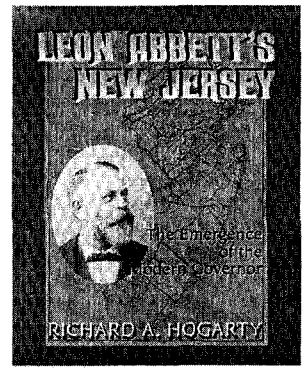
THE EMERGENCE OF THE MODERN GOVERNOR

Richard A. Hogarty



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do what is necessary to restore deserved luster to a tarnished gem.

RABBI YITZCHOK ADLERSTEIN
Los Angeles, California

TO THE EDITOR:

The outstanding work that the Lubavitch movement does worldwide should not be allowed to obscure the widespread belief among its members that their deceased Rebbe is the messiah. This is a serious and dangerous distortion of Jewish theology, and poses a real threat not only to Lubavitch itself but also to the integrity of Judaism. David Berger is to be commended for his courage in challenging both Lubavitch and the wider Jewish community to confront this threat.

RABBI EMANUEL FELDMAN
Editor
Tradition
Jerusalem, Israel

TO THE EDITOR:

David Berger has exposed to the light of day a messianic ideology that threatens the very core of traditional Judaism. Indeed, Jews have been beset with similar threats a number of times in the last 2,000 years. In each case, Jews were lost or killed.

Mr. Berger demonstrates that among the Lubavitch there is widespread acceptance of a messiah who will be resurrected or who is the deity himself, whose death was an illusion, and who will return and lead the world to redemption. This has happened before—heaven forbid that it happen again.

MATTHEW M. ZUCKERMAN
Miami Beach, Florida

TO THE EDITOR:

David Berger's argument is cogent and convincing. It is unfortunate that his is a lone voice; the threat to Judaism from Lubavitch messianists should call forth a concerted response from all committed Jews.

One reason more Orthodox Jews have not followed Mr. Berger's lead, I would suggest, is that they consider their communities autonomous. When it comes to Jewish values and beliefs, they simply follow their own rabbi's rulings. There are obvious benefits to this decentralization, but it leads to serious problems in the face of truly dangerous deviations. When a sizable part of an international movement like Lubavitch takes a stand, there is no straightforward mechanism to guide the larger community's response.

We can only hope that Orthodox rabbis will speak out as Mr. Berger has done and that slowly a consensus will build that Orthodoxy—along with Judaism as a whole—rejects the belief in a messiah who dies before fulfilling his task and who will finish his work only after his resurrection.

MARTIN LOCKSHIN
Center for Jewish Studies
York University
Toronto, Canada

TO THE EDITOR:

I read with great interest David Berger's account of Lubavitch messianism in the U.S., Israel, England, and Russia, and I can report that the same thing is happening in France. A few years ago, I published an article on this subject in one of the main French-Jewish newspapers, imploring the official rabbinate here to react. I received congratulations from friends and family but not a single reaction from any rabbi. Indeed, last June a ceremony under the patronage of the chief rabbi of France and the chief rabbi of Paris took place in the presence of Rabbi Gronner, secretary to "the Rebbe of Lubavitch M.H.M [an acronym for king messiah]." No one found it strange that eminent Orthodox rabbis were sitting at the same table as a representative of the living messiah. I hope Mr. Berger's message will help others address this problem.

JEAN-JACQUES WAHL
Director
L'Alliance Israélite Universelle
Paris, France

TO THE EDITOR:

I concur completely with what David Berger has had the courage to state openly; his article is long overdue. Having been educated in Australian Lubavitch day schools, I vividly recall being made to sing "we want *moshiach* now" for hours, thus indoctrinated by Lubavitchers with the notion that the Rebbe would imminently reveal himself to be the messiah. As far as we knew, these were just traditional Jewish songs. Living in a Lubavitch-dominated community, as I do, one realizes that Mr. Berger's worries are not exaggerated. Last year, after sitting for hours with a Lubavitch family and listening to their messianist message, I was asked for some words of Torah. I said, "Why did God hide Moses' grave? Our sages answered that God feared the Jews might turn the grave of Moses into an object of worship. Looking at Lubavitch today, I can understand what our sages meant."

ALEX KAUFMAN
Caulfield, Australia

TO THE EDITOR:

The problem addressed in "The Rebbe, the Jews, and the Messiah" needs a wider context than David Berger provides.

Jewish messianism per se—and not only the particular brand of obviously false messianism Mr. Berger describes—is a mistake. As long as the basic idea is accepted, distortions like the belief that Rabbi Schneerson is the messiah and the dissolution of the boundary between Judaism and Christianity are bound to arise.

Jews should drop messianic belief for two reasons. First, the messiah has not come despite many centuries of waiting and many claims that one or another person is the messiah. If he has not appeared during all the momentous events of Jewish history, we may reasonably suppose that he will not come at all. Worse, proclamations of messiahs have not only been false but they have occasioned suffering for Jews.

Second, except for one or two credulity-straining interpretations, no mention is made in the Torah of a messiah. In substituting a human being for the true object of longing and worship, messianism approaches idolatry, as Mr. Berger illustrates in the case of the Rebbe. Rather than yielding to the passivity and postponement messianism encourages, religious Jews should try to find holiness in the here and now.

ERIC WOLF FRIED
Albany, New York

DAVID BERGER writes:

All the criticisms leveled in these letters are addressed in my book, *The Rebbe, the Messiah, and the Scandal of Orthodox Indifference*, which is now available. I hope that

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my critics will read the fuller treatment there with a willingness, at least in principle, to reconsider. Here I have grouped their arguments under summary headings, and will deal with them as succinctly as I can.

1. *Lubavitch messianism does not transform Judaism or undermine its classical messianic faith, because non-Lubavitch Jews neither believe in the Rebbe's messiahship nor talk about it. It is a non-issue.*

This argument misses the point. What has transformed Judaism is not the affirmation of belief in the Rebbe's messiahship by large numbers of non-Lubavitch Jews—which has certainly not occurred—but the legitimation of that belief by mainstream Orthodoxy. This legitimation takes the form of appointing messianists to religious posts that by custom and communal consensus are clearly reserved for people who are firmly within the Orthodox camp.

We would do well to remind ourselves of the full dimensions of messianist faith and practice. Here is a passage from a recent article in the journal *Beis Moshiach* (#338); the author, Rabbi Levi Yitzchak Ginsberg, is a religious mentor at a yeshiva in Kfar Chabad, the largest Lubavitch population center in Israel:

> The common theme in all our [High Holy Day] prayers is the Creation's acceptance of [God's kingship], which according to the Divine plan is accomplished by acceptance of *Melech HaMoshiach*'s [the King Messiah's] sovereignty. . . . This is why it is so important to declare "*Yechi Adoneinu Moreinu V'Rabbeinu Melech HaMoshiach L'olam Va'ed*" ["May our Master, Teacher, and Rabbi the King Messiah live forever"] before the *shofar* is sounded and at the conclusion of Yom Kippur after [the phrase, "the Lord is God"]. This custom was instituted in the Rebbe's presence [after his stroke] in *Beis Chayenu* [the House of Our Life, a term used in the liturgy for Zion or the Temple and by Lubavitch Hasidim for their headquarters in Brooklyn] in 5754 [late 1993].

God's kingship, then, is to be accepted on the High Holy Days by proclaiming the messiahship of a rabbi buried in Queens. In the religion in which I and every other Jewish adult were raised, the suggestion that people doing such a thing could be recognized as Orthodox Jews would have been greeted with incredulity and ridicule. But over the remarkably brief period of seven years, the millennial religion in which this would have been beyond fantasy has largely ceased to exist as a communal phenomenon.

Jews through the ages have declared to Christian polemicists and missionaries that Judaism rejects on principle the position that the messiah will die in the

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midst of his uncompleted redemptive mission. Rather, they have argued, Judaism has a set of clear criteria that a claimant must meet in order to be identified confidently as the messiah. Anyone who denies these propositions, they have insisted, has rejected Judaism.

Now, however, a Christian can approach David Klinghoffer, for example, and ask how it is that people who openly proclaim their denial of these same propositions are accepted as synagogue rabbis, members and even heads of rabbinic courts, supervisors of *kashrut*, and principals of yeshivas both inside and outside Lubavitch. After rereading his letter to COMMENTARY and realizing that not a single word of it is relevant to this question, Mr. Klinghoffer would have to reply either that such acceptance is a terrible mistake and needs to be reversed (thereby endorsing my core argument) or that belief in the messiahship of the deceased Rebbe does not in fact contradict a fundamental Jewish tenet (thereby contributing further to the deformation of his religion).

The defining parameters of the messianic faith of Judaism have been utterly shattered. That this matter is hardly discussed is precisely the scandal of Orthodox indifference.

2. *It is not true that a large segment of Lubavitch believes the Rebbe to be the messiah. The messianists are a fringe group.*

Those of my correspondents who make this point do not even attempt to address the data, adduced in my article, indicating that the messianist position represents a majority of Lubavitch. The assertion that believers are not even a large segment of the movement illustrates the triumph of deep sympathy and wishful thinking over massive evidence to the contrary.

In Crown Heights, Brooklyn, the rabbinic court, the largest school, the women's organization, the central synagogue, and more are indisputably controlled by messianists. In Kfar Chabad, which, to repeat, is the largest Lubavitch population center in Israel, the chief rabbi is a messianist; this summer, an Israeli university student originally hailing from that community reported after an extended visit home that it would be a grievous mistake to think anti-messianists enjoy any standing there. The large Chabad school system in the northern Israeli city of Safed is messianist. In 1999, the mainstream Lubavitch organization in Israel known as Agudat Hasidei Chabad published a messianist book with an introduction by the organization's chairman and a messianist approbation signed by twenty important Chabad rabbis from, among other locations, Montreal, Melbourne, Milan, London, New York, Casablanca, Paris, Kfar Chabad, Safed, and Jerusalem. In June 2001, the vice-president of a Chabad community center in London wrote to the weekly *Jewish Chronicle*, the establishment newspaper of Anglo-Jewry, that every true Lubavitch Hasid is a messianist. The ruling that Jewish law requires a belief in the Rebbe's messiahship has been signed by nearly 150 rabbis, many of whom hold important posts throughout the world.

Levi Mondshine asserts that Rabbi Berel Lazar and many others were victims of a forgery and never signed this ruling. I cannot, of course, know for certain whether that is so. What I do know is that over a period of years, and in at least six different venues, Rabbi Lazar's name has appeared on the ruling in English, Hebrew, and Russian. As I write, in late October, it appears as the first name under a posting of the ruling at www.moshiachinrussian.com/vrl.htm, where it has been for at least a year.

Before publishing my article and my book I made efforts to determine whether any of the signatories has ever gone on record to indicate that he has been misrepresented. The ruling in question received its most elaborate publication in *Hatzofeh*, the daily newspaper of the National Religious party in Israel, in early 2000. For a full month thereafter I checked the paper's issues; unless I missed something, only one rabbi (from a yeshiva in Israel) wrote to protest the use of his name. I also learned from Rabbi Pinchas Goldschmidt, the chief rabbi of Moscow, that the ruling later appeared in a Russian newspaper, the *Jewish Gazette*, complete with all eighteen original signatories from the former Soviet Union; only one subsequently disavowed his involvement.

After reading Mr. Mondshine's letter, I contacted Rabbi Goldschmidt once more to confirm my understanding. In reply, I received a letter from Nikolay Propirny, chief editor of the *Jewish Gazette*. "No protests or denials," he wrote me, "were received from Rabbi Lazar" after the ruling, with his signature, appeared in the paper on March 10, 2000. Finally, an Orthodox official of the World Jewish Congress, a man by no means hostile to Chabad, has told me that he heard Rabbi Lazar recite the messianist formula at the beginning of a major Jewish event in Moscow in 1998.

If Rabbi Lazar has previously gone on record to repudiate his endorsement of a ruling requiring belief in false messianism—or if he has made any serious effort to have it removed from a web site where it has been displayed for at least a year—Mr. Mondshine's failure to provide this information now is more than strange.

The public effect of Rabbi Lazar's silence in the months and years that the ruling has been disseminated worldwide over his signature is the equivalent of signing it in the first place. After allowing his name to be attached to it without a word of public protest, it is now his obligation to do much more than have a representative say that it is inauthentic. If he did not sign this ruling, *and disagrees with its theology*, he must make a clear public statement that he unequivocally rejects the belief in the Rebbe's messiahship. To do anything less is to play games on a matter of the most profound seriousness.

Finally, I am bound to note that even if the messianists *were* a fringe group, the essential point of my article—which concerns not Chabad but the Orthodox mainstream—would be unaffected. Overt messianists are being treated as Orthodox rabbis by non-Lubavitch

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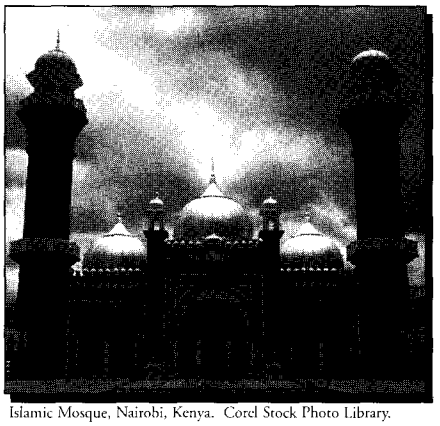

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JOHN SWANSON (Ph.D., Indiana University, 1978) is Professor of History at Assistant Provost for International Programs at the American University in Cairo, where he has taught since 1978. He has also served as coordinator for the Center for Arabic Study Abroad, as director of the Arabic Language Institute, and as a lecturer for the Smithsonian Associates and the Association of Yale Alumni.

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Orthodoxy, and this recognition betrays Judaism. To invoke all the valuable activities undertaken by Chabad reflects an admirable instinct, as does concern about communal disunity. These considerations, however, cannot justify the undermining of a core belief of the Jewish religion.

3. *"Not a single person in the Chabad community would say he believes the deceased Rebbe literally to be God."*

Strictly speaking, this is untrue; what is true is that *few* Lubavitch Hasidim would pronounce the sentence, "the Rebbe is God." But this does not end the discussion, for a large majority of knowledgeable Lubavitch Hasidim *will* pronounce the formula, "the Rebbe is the Essence and Being of God placed in a body." This, after all, was the formula pronounced by the Rebbe himself in characterizing a genuine rebbe. At issue is its interpretation.

Many Hasidim do not understand the sentence literally. However, religious mentors in the major yeshivas of Chabad in both Israel and the United States, publications issued by mainstream Chabad, and influential, highly educated Lubavitch laymen do take literally the following assertions: the supremely righteous, a category of which the Rebbe and the biblical Moses are the chief exemplars, annul their own essence to the point where their entire Essence is that of God. It is permissible to bow to them with this understanding. For this reason, the Rebbe is omniscient, omnipotent, and entirely without limits. He is "indistinguishable" from God. Because he is a transparent window for pure divinity, a "man-God," "when you speak to him you speak to God." All this, which in my view constitutes *avodah zarah*, or "foreign worship," is documented in my book with specific references.

4. *To ask Lubavitch Hasidim about their beliefs before appointing them to positions of religious authority, consuming meat from animals slaughtered by them, or utilizing their ritual objects is to bring out the thought police. "Jews had enough of that in Russia."*

I have agonized over this point, though as a medievalist I thought more of the Inquisition than of the Lubyanka. At the end of the day, however, I believe that mine is the more liberal of the viable alternatives. The other is to appoint *no* Lubavitch Hasidim to such positions, and to reject all Lubavitch ritual slaughterers, scribes, and witnesses.

Without entering into a discussion of Jewish ritual law, let me illustrate the point with a true story. A candidate for the principalship of the only yeshiva in a city with a fairly small Jewish community was asked about his position on this issue. He acknowledged that he was a messianist, but was nevertheless offered the job on condition that he keep his views to himself. A few years later, having achieved popularity with key members of the board, he began to send his son to school wearing a skullcap emblazoned with the messianist slogan. The upshot: students at his school have a rabbinic role model who is an open believer in a deceased messiah.

In this instance, it is at least possible to confront someone over a broken promise. Had he never been asked, the situation would have been still worse. A policy of "Don't ask, don't tell" breaks down when an entrenched appointee decides to tell.

5. *The Rebbe bears absolutely no responsibility for the beliefs of the messianists.*

I tried to present this very sensitive subject with the utmost care. In a review of my book in the *Forward*, Allan Nadler has taken me to task for showing excessive respect for the Rebbe and understating the degree of his responsibility for what has developed after his death. Since my primary concern was to delegitimate the *posthumous* belief in the Rebbe's messiahship, I felt justified in dealing with the complex question of his own position briefly and lightly. Still, anyone who wants to understand the difficulties that non-messianists face within the movement should become familiar with the Rebbe's statements, which in my COMMENTARY article were outlined in a single paragraph.

A Lubavitch college student in the United States informed his professor this summer that many Hasidim feel they confront a stark choice: either the Rebbe is the messiah or he was delusional. I do not regard this as a fair statement of the choice before them, but it is not difficult to understand why some Hasidim should feel this way.

6. *Jews should eliminate the problem of false messianism once and for all by entirely abandoning the messianic faith, which is in any event not mentioned in the Torah.*

Whatever one's view concerning the presence or absence of the messianic faith in the Pentateuch, the inspiring vision embodied in that faith is decidedly present in the Prophets and in key passages of rabbinic literature. For Orthodox Jews, the authority of those texts is at the core of their religion.

A powerful case can be made, moreover, that even the pragmatic considerations advanced by Eric Wolf Fried are misguided. Without the vision of a perfected world and a redeemed Israel, the Jewish people may not have survived to experience the periodic tribulations of false messianism. The existence of a *pre*-messianic age is axiomatic; the extent of its duration has no logical relationship to the truth or falsehood of the belief that it will one day come to an end. When, in the early 20th century, Theodor Herzl dreamed of a Jewish state, he was derided for reasons no less persuasive than those that drive Mr. Fried's skepticism. But for people of faith, "the salvation of the Lord is as swift as the twinkling of an eye."

I am deeply grateful for the supportive remarks of many of my correspondents.

Case Dismissed

TO THE EDITOR:

"This case . . . should never have been brought." That is how Edward Rothstein captures the essence of the government's pathetic crusade against the nation's leading software maker ["Wronging Microsoft," September]. In a few incisive pages, chock-full of economic common sense—the kind that somehow

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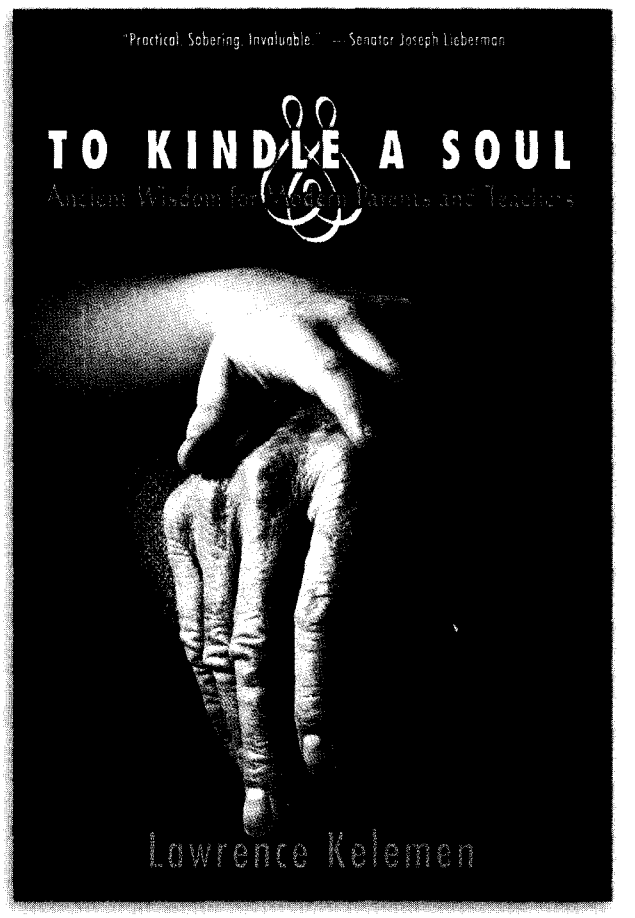

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eluded the legal whiz kids in the Justice Department—Mr. Rothstein demolishes the government's claims.

Still, a federal trial judge, a unanimous seven-judge appellate court, the antitrust division of the Justice Department, and nineteen state attorney generals were united in supporting those claims. How could this be? Surprisingly, part of the explanation stems from America's entrepreneurial enclave, Silicon Valley. Billionaire businessmen like Larry Ellison of Oracle and Scott McNealy of Sun Microsystems skillfully used their political influence in an attempt to bring down their prime competitor, trying to accomplish through legal action what they had not been able to achieve in the marketplace.

As for the part played by the federal courts: start with a technologically challenged, publicity-seeking trial judge, then add an appellate court bound by the rules of civil procedure, which require utmost deference to a lower court's findings of fact. The result: a pitiful waste of time, taxpayers' money, and intellectual capital.

ROBERT A. LEVY
The Cato Institute
Washington, D.C.

TO THE EDITOR:

Edward Rothstein overlooks the crucial role played by Sun Microsystems and its CEO, Scott McNealy, in the case brought against Microsoft. In its earliest days, Sun's Java software was touted as a possible new operating system. When Microsoft saw Java's potential and recognized it as a threat to its own Windows program, it licensed Java from Sun and modified it to run on Windows. Claiming that Microsoft had polluted Java, Sun began lobbying the Justice Department, and the lawsuit eventually followed.

It should be emphasized that while Microsoft was integrating its own browser, Internet Explorer, with Windows, Sun decided not to integrate a rival browser, Netscape Navigator, with either Java or its two existing operating systems (SunOS and Solaris)—or at least not to an equal extent. Microsoft was thus punished for advancing the state of the art at a time when Sun and other vendors could have tried the same thing but chose not to. It is for this reason alone that the Microsoft decision should have been overturned, and the case against the company dismissed.

DORON BECKER
Potomac, Maryland

EDWARD ROTHSTEIN writes:

Both Robert A. Levy and Doron Becker raise excellent points about the competition facing Microsoft and how Microsoft, in turn, faced it.

As Mr. Levy writes, Microsoft's competitors were extraordinarily aggressive lobbyists. The journalist John Heilemann, no great friend of Microsoft, has documented in *Pride Before the Fall* how Sun Microsystems spent $3 million building the Justice Department's case, privately hiring attorneys, collecting evidence, and coaxing other competitors to provide testimony. In addition, as Heilemann shows, a main concept used to attack Microsoft in the case—the concept of "middleware"—was *invented* by its opponents; that concept, as I argued in my article, is profoundly flawed.

Of course, all competitors in antitrust cases complain about each other. In this case, however, the level of complaint was amplified by the peculiarly aggressive culture of Silicon Valley. The fact that Microsoft once said it intended to "cut off" Netscape's "air supply" has been cited as evidence of Microsoft's own anti-competitive attitude. But that was mild. The CEO of Oracle, one of Microsoft's rivals, told his staff that it was not enough that Oracle win; its opponents had to *lose*, and be left "pleading for their life." During the trial itself, the Sun Microsystems general counsel said of Microsoft, "We've got our boots on their throats. The right thing to do is press until they stop breathing."

Such extremist talk has been given greater potency by the hatred of Microsoft that has consumed the computer industry and that lately has been on display again as the software giant has introduced its new XP version of Windows. The hatred is partly a function of Microsoft's extraordinary power (which is not, I insist, monopolistic): it rankles that manufacturers and designers are forced to mold their machines around the marketplace's demand for Windows. Software developers, whose culture is inherently individualistic and idiosyncratic—and every one of whom believes he can find superior alternatives—are still more resentful of having to defer to Windows. In short, the libertarian culture keeps confronting the commercial culture—and has, until now, kept losing.

A final point relates to the Java programming language, cited by Mr. Becker. During the trial, much was made of Microsoft's "pollution" of Java and its seeming attempt to sabotage Sun's innovation. But until very recently, Sun's Java was notoriously unreliable. In an April 1998 review, *PC Magazine* reported: "Never mind what's going on in the press. For the second year in a row, [Microsoft's] Java environment was the fastest and most compatible on our tests. And it wins our Editor's Choice."

Before the case, Attorney General Janet Reno said that one of the government's jobs was to "convince" consumers that Microsoft was harming them. The first lesson in that effort has been a disaster.

The Last War

TO THE EDITOR:

Gabriel Schoenfeld has hit the nail resoundingly on the head in "Lessons of Kosovo" [September], but he draws the wrong conclusion.

The humanitarian wars that our media, government, and academic elites want the American public to accept are not only shunned by the military but (despite the obscure opinion poll cited by Mr. Schoenfeld) have little support among the citizens who may have to die fighting them. Though these citizens may be disturbed by television images of distant atrocities, it is far from clear that, in the effort to prevent them, they will accept American casualties or an indefinite period of intervention. Not only is the "Vietnam syndrome" a psychosis of the military, in short, but it carries over into public consciousness.

Should we be dissipating

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our military and public support on these minor boy-scout missions or should we concentrate on major threats like Iraq, Korea, and perhaps China? Which sort of conflict directly affects our national interests?

WILLIAM H. RIDDELL
Tampa, Florida

TO THE EDITOR:

Gabriel Schoenfeld points out some of the weaknesses in the successful military campaign against Yugoslavia. But he fails to provide a wider view of events in the Balkans and in the world at large. The reluctance of some U.S. generals to prosecute vigorously the war against Slobodan Milosevic may be understandable if one considers that the greatest long-term threat to modern, liberal Western culture is fundamentalist Islam.

The Serbs correctly asserted that Kosovo was their homeland. Albanian Muslims began arriving as farm laborers in the early 19th century. With their high birthrates and large families, they had become an 85-percent majority in Kosovo by the 1990's. Faced with a growing insurgency of 30,000 irregular soldiers, Serbia decided that expelling the Albanians was the best solution.

By attacking Yugoslavia's infrastructure and military capability, NATO destroyed the only effective force standing between the Muslim countries and the heart of Europe. What remains is a continuously growing Muslim presence in the lands of the West. As we have seen of late, it would be prudent of us to consider seriously the threat Islamic fundamentalism poses to all people who love life and freedom.

TORE FOSSUM
Dickinson, Texas

GABRIEL SCHOENFELD writes:

I thank William H. Riddell for his praise, but I do not accept his main point. The "obscure" opinion poll I cited is actually one of the most important and comprehensive surveys of its kind, and it shows what I said it shows: that the American public has been considerably less casualty-averse than the military itself, no matter what kind of war we are talking about, so-called "humanitarian" or otherwise. After September 11, we are in a new world, and we can only hope that the attack on American territory, and on the Pentagon itself, will have served once and for all to cure our military of the Vietnam syndrome.

Tore Fossum's letter arrived well before September 11, but echoes more powerfully in its aftermath. He is obviously right about the terrible danger posed by Islamic fundamentalism. But that is perhaps the only point on which I would emphatically agree with him.

I see no evidence that American generals were not gung-ho in Kosovo because they were fighting on the side of Muslims. Moreover, Mr. Fossum strays into exaggeration and worse when he asserts that, in attacking

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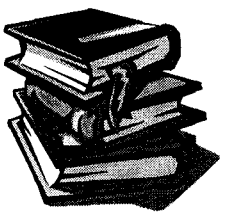

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Serbia, "NATO destroyed the only effective force standing between the Muslim countries and the heart of Europe." We now can see that the brutal way Slobodan Milosevic attempted to crush the Kosovo Liberation Army insurgency in Kosovo—engaging in massacres of civilians and then launching the wholesale deportation that Mr. Fossum chillingly calls the "best solution"—actually played into the guerrillas' hands, "galvaniz[ing]," as I wrote, "Western public opinion" against Serbia and "cementing an alliance that might otherwise have splintered or been satisfied by dropping a few bombs and going home."

The outcome of the war, even in spite of all the hesitations in the Pentagon, suggests that Milosevic's Serbia was not a particularly effective bulwark against Islamic radicalism. A reconstituted and fully democratic Serbia that is accepted as part of Europe might well be able to make a far more substantial contribution on that front. But in any case, the Islamist menace to Europe comes not primarily from Kosovo and Albania but from lax immigration and law-enforcement policies across the Continent—policies all too much like our own.

Affirmative Action

TO THE EDITOR:

In "Race Preferences and the Universities—A Final Reckoning?" [September], Carl Cohen provides further evidence of the chicanery that continues to be practiced in the halls of academe under the rubric of affirmative action. Given the facts of the *Gratz* and *Grutter* cases at the University of Michigan, it is Mr. Cohen's hope that the Supreme Court will bring the policy of racial preferences to an end once and for all.

But Mr. Cohen knows all too well that the moment the *Hopwood* decision was announced in 1996, friends of affirmative action at the University of Texas—the defendant in the case—took steps to block its implementation. At the same time, school administrators conjured up creative variations on the theme; affirmative action, under a new guise, continues to exist at the university. I fear that a "victory" by the plaintiffs in the Michigan cases will likewise prove to be a hollow triumph.

In 1831, President Andrew Jackson, confronted with a Supreme Court decision he opposed, is supposed to have said: "[Chief Justice] John Marshall has made the decision; now let him carry it out." Unless there is a commitment on the part of the executive branch, Supreme Court rulings can be fudged or forgotten. The governor of Texas at the time of the *Hopwood* decision was George W. Bush, who, despite his presidential campaign promise to the contrary, has already lent his administration's support to the principle of "set-asides" (i.e., quotas) in the *Adarand* case.

I am not as sanguine as Mr. Cohen about what will happen if our highest court sweeps away all affirmative action in higher education, but I too will pray for its demise. My prayers will be directed to St. Jude, the patron saint of lost causes.

VINCENT CHIARELLO
Reston, Virginia

TO THE EDITOR:

Carl Cohen's excellent article makes it clear that the mantra of "diversity," like "affirmative action," has been used as cover for blatant violations of the civil-rights laws as Congress intended them. Consider *United Steelworkers of America* v. *Weber* (1979), decided a year after the *Bakke* case by the same Justices who had supported racial preferences in higher education. Title VII of the Civil Rights Act of 1964 explicitly pro-

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hibits all racial discrimination in employment-training programs. Yet the Court decided to allow such discrimination under a union's collective-bargaining agreement. In his dissenting opinion, Chief Justice Burger wrote: "Under the guise of statutory 'construction,' the Court effectively rewrites Title VII to achieve what it regards as a desirable result." Justice Rehnquist added: "Thus, by a tour de force re-miniscent not of jurists such as Hale, Holmes, and Hughes, but of escape artists such as Houdini, the Court eludes clear statutory language."

Let us hope Mr. Cohen is right, and that the Court decides the cases from the University of Michigan not according to the Justices own preferences but according to the law.

J. EDGAR WILLIAMS
Carrboro, North Carolina

TO THE EDITOR:

While Carl Cohen admirably exposes the legal and moral weaknesses of racial preferences in college admissions, he understates the degree to which such quotas have come to be seen as intrinsic to the very nature of a university.

It used to be that a university was called a university because it was a place where all things were considered. What was universal was the field of study, not the background of students. But today, when truth is seen as subjective, the point of view matters more than the thing viewed. According to this way of thinking, institutions have the right to call themselves universities not because all things are considered but because all kinds of people consider them. Thus, "African studies," for example, is not the study of Africans but the study of the African point of view, which, along with every other point of view, must now leaven every field.

While abolishing racial preferences would obviously be a breakthrough for justice and common sense, we need to treat the larger illness of subjectivism, of which the "diversity defense" is only one symptom.

PETER A. SPECKHARD
Green Bay, Wisconsin

CARL COHEN writes:

Vincent Chiarello and J. Edgar Williams are concerned about the same underlying phenomenon: the deliberate and vexing efforts of universities (as Mr. Chiarello reminds us) and even of the courts themselves (as Mr. Williams reminds us) to evade the law's command that race preference come to an end. Let me begin with the latter.

Mr. Williams is dead right about *Weber*. Two decades ago I published in COMMENTARY an extensive analysis of that extraordinary case ("Why Racial Preference Is Illegal and Immoral," June 1979; and "Justice Debased: The *Weber* Decision," September 1979), calling attention to the disgraceful reversal of the meaning of the Civil Rights Act in Justice Brennan's opinion. There is no doubt whatsoever that

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Congress intended, in Title VII of that act, to forbid precisely the sort of race preference in employment that Brennan managed to find acceptable in *Weber*.

It is equally clear that Title VI of the same act—addressing institutions, like universities, receiving federal financial assistance—forbids unambiguously the sort of race preferences that have been widely given by such institutions. The failure of the Justices to strike down such preferences in the *Bakke* decision of 1978 was (as Professor Lino Graglia remarks in a letter to COMMENTARY this past September) simply shameful. Only better appointments to the Court can eliminate such occasional malfeasance.

But the efforts of middle-level administrators (in universities and elsewhere) to evade the force of the written law are more widespread and very difficult to stamp out. Mr. Chiarello correctly observes that such chicanery is all around us, takes many forms, and is indeed infuriating. The percentage plans used in several states (admitting the top 10 percent of each high-school class in Texas, the top 20 percent in Florida, etc.) have been devised to achieve the same racial proportionality earlier sought through outright race preference. The plans serve that end only because the high schools themselves are so sharply segregated. They are plainly bad for the intellectual standing of the universities that use them, but since on their face they seem to be race-neutral, they are likely to survive legal challenge.

Other devices, also designed to evade the law, are less secure, however. In California, where Proposition 209 (now Article 31 of the state's constitution) renders ethnic preference in admission impermissible, the University of California makes every effort to do indirectly what it is forbidden to do directly. Even as I write, the regents are considering a revised admission plan that would fill the seats of entering classes at UCLA and Berkeley with students selected by "comprehensive" evaluation, ignoring quantifiable performance in classes and test scores and permitting admissions officers to weigh subjectively the social merits of applicants.

This change is being pressed so forcefully by the Latino caucus in the California state legislature that the regents will probably adopt it. But the ensuing disproportionate acceptance of Latino students under the new "comprehensive" standards will surely be challenged and have to be defended in court, and the university will bear the burden of proving race-neutrality in its methods. This burden will be nearly impossible to sustain.

Of course, even if this device is thrown out, there will be others after it, as Mr. Chiarello notes. Is there, then, no stopping such subversion? The California Association of Scholars has been firm in attacking, in the California courts, every effort to evade the command of equal treatment. If and when race preference in universities is struck down nationally, the same principled tenacity will be called for in every state. Nothing is foolproof. Years must pass before the drive for preference will fade and the wounds that have been inflicted by it can heal.

But here is a hopeful note. Duplicitous efforts to evade the law are as clear to the members of the Supreme Court as they are to the rest of us. It may be that, in response to the Michigan cases (to be argued in early December before the whole of the Sixth Circuit Court of Appeals) or to some other case, the Court, exasperated and out of patience, will frame its rejection of race preference under the law in words so loud that even the deaf may hear, and in language so clear and so unmistakably comprehensive that university administrators will see that continued evasion is simply unacceptable (as Southern school boards eventually came to see that de-jure racial segregation in the schools was simply unacceptable), and that honor and good repute can be retained only if the constitutional guarantee of the equal protection of the laws is both internalized and made concrete.

Finally, a brief response to Peter A. Speckhard's lament that quotas have come to be seen as "intrinsic" to a university. With him I am pained by the discriminatory practices that have become ensconced in my university and in many others. But he overshoots a little. Although it is outrageous to suppose that the desire for intellectual diversity justifies racial discrimination, it really is a good thing, as Lee Bollinger, the departing president of Michigan, has repeatedly insisted, for students to have about them a great variety of persons and ideas; the quest for that genuine diversity of argument and vision is one that universities undertake with good intellectual reason. Some happy day, when race discrimination has been put behind us, we may pursue that quest with enthusiasm, and support it without fear.

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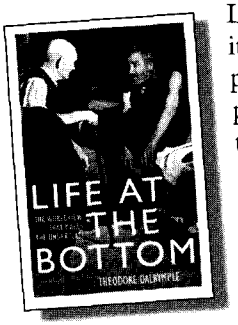
THEODORE DALRYMPLE
Life at the Bottom



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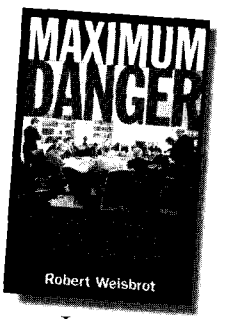

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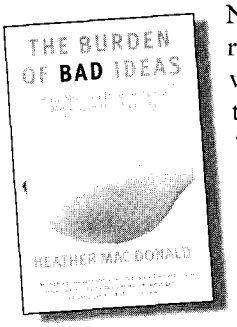

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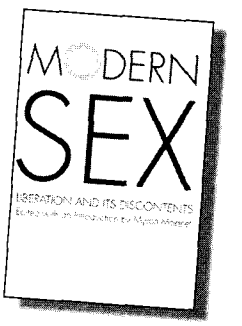

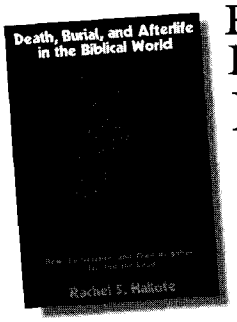

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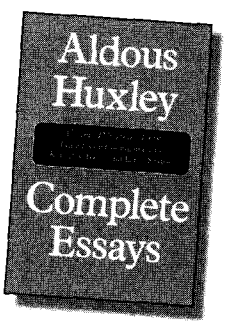

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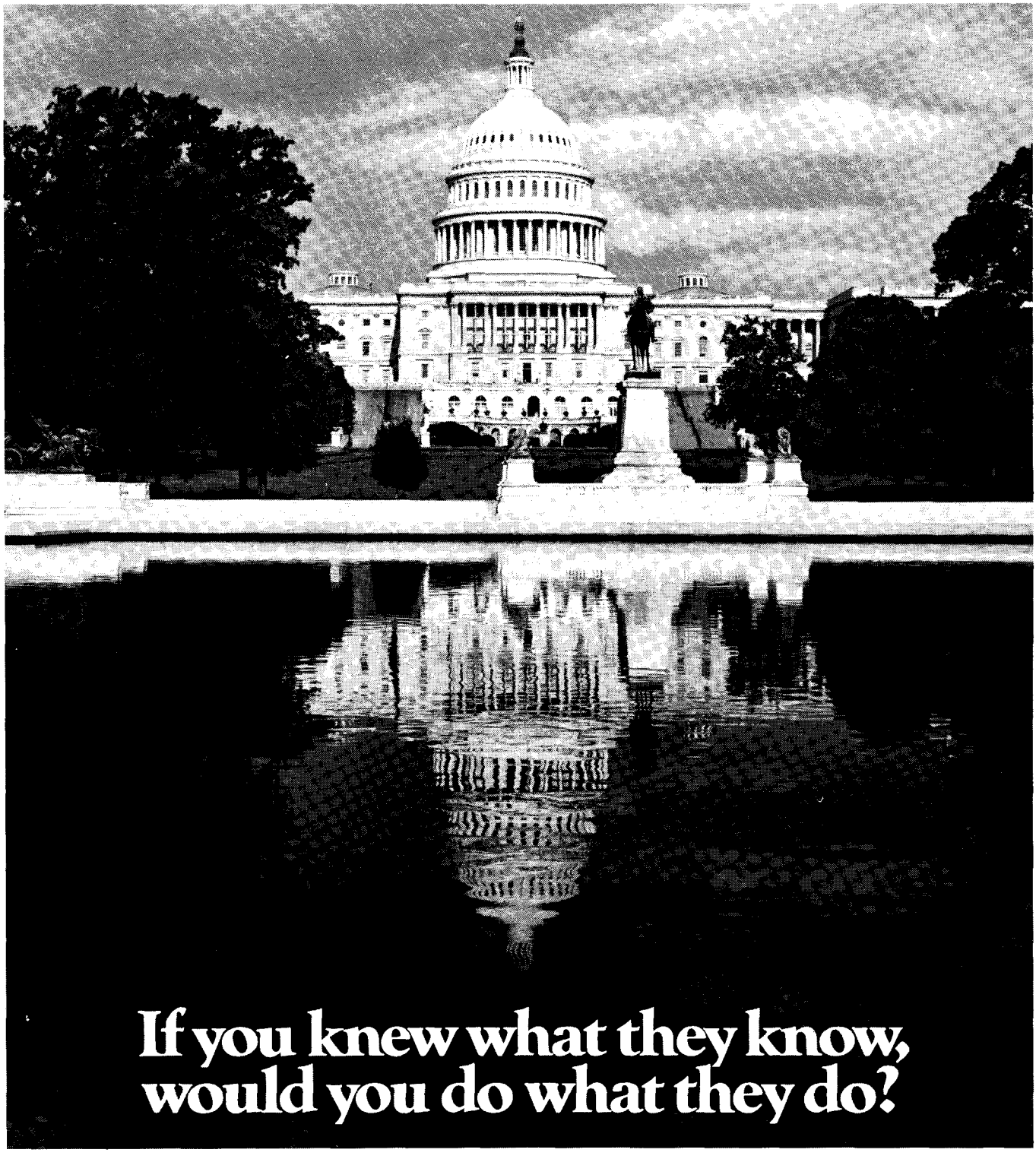

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Commentary
December 2001

Could September 11 Have Been Averted?

Gabriel Schoenfeld

How did we fall victim to a second and more terrible Pearl Harbor? At first glance, this seems an unsolvable puzzle.

On the one hand, we had various kinds of warning. The bombing of the federal building in Oklahoma City in 1995 and the Tokyo nerve-gas attack that same year provided a powerful demonstration of some of the methods terrorists might employ and the destruction they could achieve. It was also abundantly clear, from a decade-long series of lethal attacks on U.S. facilities abroad, and an attempt to knock down the World Trade Center in 1993, that a group or groups of terrorists were making a determined effort to strike at the U.S. That these same terrorists might attempt once again to hit targets in the American homeland was an obvious possibility; indeed, the CIA issued a series of generalized alerts to that effect, the most recent appearing this past August.

On the other hand, a conspiracy came out into the open with ruthless efficiency on September 11 and caught us entirely by surprise. Scores of Arab terrorists, having carefully prepared for years, managed to execute a highly imaginative and precisely synchronized attack on the political, military, and financial nerve centers of the United States. Even though the terrorists did not reach all of their intended targets, they still achieved near total success: thousands of people were burned alive or buried in rubble, major financial and transportation links of the country were paralyzed or destroyed, symbols of our freedom and security were reduced to ashes, and fear of still more death and destruction was made ubiquitous across the land.

Now the attack on the United States has provoked, in response, what President George W. Bush has called "a war against terrorism," the first major military phase of which began on October 7. But far more quietly, and partly behind the scenes, it has also provoked a war of finger-pointing. Some has been directed at the Federal Aviation Administration and other bodies in charge of airport security, where laxity unquestionably ruled the day. Some has been aimed at our immigration authorities, for opening the door to virtually all comers. And far more has been directed at the U.S. intelligence community—primarily the FBI and the CIA—for failing so utterly at a primary responsibility. Among other problems, we are told, the FBI lacked adequate authority to engage in electronic surveillance of suspected terrorists, while the CIA, thanks to a series of ill-guided "reforms," has been chronically weak in gathering human intelligence.

But whatever genuine operational failures these postmortems reveal, our real shortcomings run much deeper. Terrorism is a problem the U.S. government has been contending with in an increasingly organized fashion since 1968, when Palestinian terrorists began hijacking aircraft and the modern era of international terrorism was born. In

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the intervening years, an intricate structure has been built to deal with the extraordinary number of different facets of the problem, ranging from prevention all the way to what is called "consequence management," a euphemism for dealing with the aftermath of a major assault.

All told, some 45 separate governmental units and subunits are responsible for handling the different dimensions of the terrorist threat. This unwieldy structure has the burden of carrying out a policy that mirrors it in complexity. The formal aims of U.S. policy have been set forth in a myriad of official documents, with two "presidential decision directives" promulgated by President Clinton being especially significant codifications. These documents, which have been only partially declassified, declare that the policy of the United States is to "deter, defeat, and respond vigorously" to terrorist attacks against Americans no matter where they take place.

How precisely have these words been put into action? One recent and very impressive guide is *Terrorism and U.S. Foreign Policy* by Paul R. Pillar.* Its author served throughout much of the 1990's as the deputy director of the CIA's Counterterrorist Center, and his book, published not long before September 11, is both authoritative and exceedingly well-informed. I draw upon it freely in what follows.

As we learn from Pillar, the U.S. has been fighting terrorism over the years in a variety of ways, ranging from the indirect to the direct, and by means of a variety of instruments, ranging from the peaceful to the violent. To begin at the indirect and peaceful end of things, let us look first at Pillar's summary of attempts by the government to address the "root causes" of terrorism.

In the aftermath of September 11, this subject has become somewhat poisoned, with some on the Left (Susan Sontag most notoriously) citing American actions and alliances to explain—and explain away—the terror attack itself. But since, as Pillar notes, terrorism and terrorist groups "do not arise randomly, and they are not distributed evenly around the globe," U.S. officials have necessarily been impelled to give serious attention to the conditions in which terrorism appears to flourish. Roughly, he discerns two types of such "antecedent" conditions: political repression and economic deprivation.

"Terrorism is a risky, dangerous, and very disagreeable business," Pillar writes; "few people who have a reasonably good life will be inclined to get into" it. It follows that tamping down resentments that might lead to terrorism is an interest of the U.S., in line with our efforts to provide development assistance, promote democracy, and foster peace negotiations in troubled regions of the world like Northern Ireland and the Middle East.

Another indirect aspect of the U.S. counterterrorism program is the effort to shape the intentions of terrorists. Behind our oft-declared principle of not negotiating with hostage-takers is the idea, in Pillar's words, "that not rewarding terrorism will give terrorists less incentive to try it again." Our frequently reiterated determination to punish terrorists or bring them to "justice" is also presumed in at least some cases to exercise a similarly deterrent effect.

More significant than either of these aspects of policy has been erecting physical defenses against attack. This effort began in the late 1960's with aviation-security measures designed to foil hijackings. Over the years, it has extended into other areas, primarily through increasing protection for key federal sites like the White House and Congress and civilian infrastructure like nuclear power plants. In the wake of a string of attacks on U.S. embassies and military bases abroad in the 1990's, the U.S. has spent billions tightening the security of overseas buildings and placing concrete barriers in the way of truck bombers.

On the more active side of things, Pillar shows that the U.S. has also tried to interfere with the ability of terrorist organizations to carry out attacks. An enormous intelligence-gathering apparatus, employing techniques from satellite reconnaissance to electronic interception of communications to the recruitment of informers and the placement of moles, helps us track the movement of terrorists, impose financial controls on their organizations, and, when appropriate, apply force against them and the states that sponsor them.

Financial controls have received heightened attention as the U.S. tries to freeze the funds sustaining Osama bin Laden's al Qaeda terrorist network. But the approach is not new. As the State Department's annual report on terrorism shows, the U.S. has blocked the assets of dozens of organizations, including the Abu Nidal group based in the Middle East, the Tamil Tigers in Sri Lanka, and the Aum Shinrikyo in Japan.† Similarly, U.S. intelligence-

* Brookings Institution, 272 pp., $26.95.

† By law, the State Department must annually compile a list of states that sponsor terrorism; those placed on it are subject to sanctions that bar them from purchasing various items from us—primarily military gear, trucks, aircraft, and some types of dual-use technology. As of last year, seven states fell on the list: Iran, Iraq, Syria, Libya, North Korea, Cuba, and Sudan. Though al Qaeda has long been active on its soil, Afghanistan was not included. Instead, through a chain of bureaucratic misfirings, it was given the far milder classification of "not cooperating fully with U.S. anti-terrorism efforts."

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gathering has bolstered the effort to locate terrorists abroad and arrange for their arrest, rendition, and prosecution in U.S. or foreign courts. Indeed, in any tally of time, energy, and resources devoted to counterterrorism, the objective of "bringing terrorists to justice" would undoubtedly occupy first place.

The best-known example of this approach was our response to the downing of Pan Am 103 over Lockerbie, Scotland in December 1988, in which 270 passengers died, including 189 Americans. A decade-long effort to bring two Libyan intelligence agents to trial came to a culmination earlier this year with the acquittal of one and the sentencing of the other to life imprisonment (with the possibility of parole after twenty years) by a Scottish court sitting in the Netherlands. The same prosecutorial machinery has been set in motion following other major attacks against American targets, including the truck bombing of U.S. embassies in Tanzania and Kenya in 1998, which killed nearly 300 people including twelve Americans, and the suicide bombing of the *USS Cole* in 2000, which killed seventeen American sailors.

The legalistic approach has not entirely supplanted more forceful action. Though the subject is by definition wrapped in secrecy, the President has the authority under U.S. law to "use all necessary means, including covert action . . . to disrupt, dismantle, and destroy international infrastructure used by international terrorists, including overseas terrorist-training facilities and safe havens." Press reports suggest that there have been at least a few covert operations launched against terrorists in recent years, including one mission that was to have been carried out by Pakistani proxy forces against Osama bin Laden in 1999 but was aborted on account of a coup d'etat in Pakistan.

Finally, open military action has also been part of the U.S. portfolio, but only, prior to our current war on the Taliban and al Qaeda, on three occasions and only in retaliatory fashion. In 1986, after Libyan agents placed a bomb in a Berlin discothèque frequented by American soldiers, the U.S. struck Libya from the air, hitting military sites as well as the compound of Libya's leader, Muammar Qaddafi. In 1993, in response to an attempted assassination plot aimed at former President George Bush, Bill Clinton lobbed 23 cruise missiles at the headquarters of the Iraqi intelligence service in Baghdad. And in 1998, following truck-bombings of U.S. embassies in Kenya and Tanzania, Clinton again fired a fusillade of cruise missiles in an attempt to kill Osama bin Laden at one of his training camps in Afghanistan. Clinton also simultaneously struck a pharmaceutical plant in the Sudan believed by the CIA to be producing the nerve agent VX.

THESE, THEN, were the main elements of U.S. counterterrorism policy up until September 11. Roaming over the territory in great detail, along the way Pillar offers his own judgments of which elements were sound, which were unsound, and what was missing.

To begin again at the beginning, Pillar believes that "cutting out roots" can indeed be useful; as a case in point, he cites the U.S. role in fostering the Oslo peace accords between Israel and the PLO. That the Oslo process seems, if anything, to have *fueled* terrorism, and never more dangerously so than at Oslo's peak under Israeli prime minister Ehud Barak, tells heavily against Pillar's judgment here. But it should be noted that in general he does not favor putting "root causes" at the center of U.S. policy, and (in keeping with his habit of qualifying almost everything he writes) he is also careful to acknowledge that terrorism does not *necessarily* follow from oppression, that terrorist groups have emerged "in some wealthy Muslim societies like Kuwait but not in some poor ones like Niger," and that peace processes can "enflame a minority that opposes a settlement." Besides, even if all root causes were somehow removed, there would "always remain," writes Pillar, "a core of incorrigibles—and these will include the terrorists about whom the United States must worry the most."

Pillar is similarly realistic about efforts to shape the intentions of terrorists. A policy of making no concessions, for example, can help at the margins, and perhaps has served to prevent some hostage-taking incidents. But some terrorist attacks "are conducted without any particular concession in mind; the destruction is more of an end itself." When dealing with this extreme brand of terrorism, "there is no way to influence intentions over the long term."

Physical defenses are also no panacea. Although in some instances they have unquestionably saved lives and complicated the work of those who would attack us—Pillar cites the bombing of the U.S. embassies in Kenya and Tanzania in 1998, where U.S. casualties were held to a minimum—the limitations of such steps are no less obvious. For one thing, the resources poured into physical defense, however enormous, cannot begin to afford protection to all the facilities requiring it. What is more, such security measures may encourage terrorists to shift from secure to more vulnerable targets. In an open

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society like ours, there will always be an unlimited number of paths by which determined terrorists can wreak havoc and kill people en masse. Particularly difficult to stop—as the Israeli experience teaches us—are terrorists willing to commit suicide in the course of carrying out their assault. In sum, physical defenses at some times and in some places are reasonable and necessary, but in themselves they are not "a solution."

The collection of intelligence is no less problematic, essential though it is as a first step toward more active efforts. For starters, the major technological tools of U.S. intelligence—satellite reconnaissance and the interception of electronic communications—are better suited to monitoring the maneuvers of a conventional adversary than the activities of small terrorist groups, which do not typically possess assets observable from high altitudes or outer space and whose members can elude electronic detection by arranging to communicate in face-to-face meetings.

As for human-source intelligence, that is especially hard to come by in the realm of terrorism. Even if the Clinton administration had not issued controversial guidelines discouraging the CIA from recruiting "unsavory" characters as sources, successful penetrations of terrorist plots would in all likelihood have remained the exception rather than the rule. The obstacles, writes Pillar, arise from the structure and composition of terrorist groups:

> Those who are closest to the center of decisionmaking in a group (and thus most likely to be witting of all its operations) are the ones least likely to betray it and thus most resistant to recruitment as intelligence sources. Besides this problem of motivation, any attempt to recruit such individuals also faces a problem of access—of getting to them and cultivating relationships with them. This is an even greater difficulty with most religiously oriented terrorists of today than it was with, say, leftists who moved within bourgeois circles in Europe. . . . A well-placed human source is the best possible intelligence asset for counterterrorism, but for the reasons just given, such sources will be very few—and always will be.

Compounding the problems in gathering intelligence are the difficulties in analyzing it. The challenge goes beyond the hurdle of working through reams of documents in obscure languages like Dari or Pashtu. The greater challenge is to find small grains of wheat in a mountain of chaff. The "sheer magnitude of what there is to cover" includes, in Pillar's words,

> not only the whole lineup of existing terrorist groups but also terrorists who have not yet formed a group . . . and groups that have not yet gotten into terrorism. . . . [And] what about the plethora of other extreme religious cults around the world, many of which could represent future terrorist threats? There are not the resources to cover them all, and culling the ones that are most likely to pose such a threat is an awesome analytical task.

From these inherent difficulties, Pillar is impelled to conclude that there "will never be tactical warning of most attempted terrorist attacks, or even most major attempted attacks against U.S. targets."

BLEAK AS all this sounds, Pillar is no less straightforward in enumerating the limitations on *active* measures. Thus, sanctions and financial controls are not likely to amount to much more than a pinprick, even if they were far more stringent than what we had in place before September 11. Unlike in narcotics smuggling, or money laundering, the salient characteristic of terrorism, writes Pillar, is that it is "cheap." (The first attempt to topple the World Trade Center is estimated to have cost only $400 in total; the second, $500,000 at most.) The small sums involved would make the movement of money difficult to track even if it took place in this country, but most of it does not, and is subject only to the unwatchful eyes of governments rarely eager to cooperate with U.S. authorities. In the end, says Pillar, financial controls are primarily of "symbolic" significance.

Next, the criminal-justice approach, vaunted by several successive American administrations as a clear demonstration of our resolve. On the plus side, putting terrorists on trial does serve to reaffirm the U.S. commitment to the rule of law, and has succeeded in putting a number of dangerous terrorists behind bars. The mere prospect of being apprehended may also deter some, or at least interfere with their operational freedom. But the advantages have to be weighed against the serious disadvantages, of which Pillar enumerates several.

For one thing, the American criminal-justice machine is set in motion only when American citizens are victimized. But "the impact of international terrorism on U.S. interests cannot simply be measured in dead American bodies"; there are incidents abroad in which *no* Americans are killed but in which failure to intervene robs us of potentially valuable intelligence and also makes us appear callous, indifferent to the terrorism that afflicts our friends and allies but not ourselves.

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For another thing, the criminal-justice approach tends to apprehend only the "working-level" operative while permitting the powers behind terrorism—heads of organizations and leaders of sponsoring regimes—to remain at large. This not only leaves the worst perpetrators unpunished but has the additional practical pitfall of giving the public, and perhaps the U.S. government itself, "a misleading sense of closure."

Among our various tools, covert action is, in Pillar's view, the most "effective possibility." He conceives of it not as thriller-style raids by shadowy special forces but as a "painstaking cell-by-cell, terrorist-by-terrorist" campaign, inherently "small-scale," with the U.S. playing a quiet, "behind-the scene" role (providing "encouragement, prodding, information, advice, . . . and perhaps monetary or logistical support") while the main work is done by the countries where the terrorists are operating or hiding. Among other advantages of this method of procedure, the "U.S. hand can stay hidden, and the risk of reprisals is minimal."

Though conceding that some groups are so violent and recalcitrant that they "should be exterminated, not engaged," Pillar concludes that assassination of terrorist leaders, currently forbidden by a 1976 executive order, is on the whole a detrimental practice. Not only would it be perceived "as a stooping by the United States . . . to the level of the terrorists," but "it would completely undercut the principle that terrorism is a matter of methods, not just of targets or purposes." It would also "shake the confidence of many Americans in the relevant government institutions, resurrecting old suspicions about what the CIA and other U.S. intelligence and security services were doing."

Finally, the open use of military force. This, in Pillar's judgment, is another mixed bag. Retaliatory strikes of the kind we have carried out on three occasions may have some merit, but there is little evidence that they stop terrorists from striking again. Qaddafi, for example, "did not get out of the terrorism business" but continued to hit American targets, using the Japanese Red Army as a surrogate and also directly ordering his agents to place a bomb aboard Pan Am 103. The U.S. attacks against Saddam Hussein in 1993 and bin Laden in 1998 similarly seemed to exercise no deterrent effect.

Indeed, far from working to deter, such strikes in Pillar's view can "serve some of the political and organizational purposes of terrorist leaders," increasing publicity for their cause, bolstering their "sense of importance," and reinforcing the message "that the United States is an evil enemy that knows only the language of force." At best, retaliatory strikes can help sustain the spirit of a public demoralized by terrorism, and help mobilize allies by impressing on them our own seriousness. But in the last analysis, writes Pillar, such strikes "will always be primarily message-sending exercises, rather than a physically significant crippling of terrorist capabilities." As for preemptive as opposed to retaliatory strikes, Pillar says little about them other than to note that they would lack "the justification of being a response to a terrorist attack" and for this and other reasons would be "unwise."

PILLAR'S SURVEY, written while on sabbatical from the CIA, is cheerless indeed: none of our major tools promises to work very well, and the United States is bound to remain perpetually vulnerable to surprise attack. But Pillar himself does not appear especially perturbed by the state of affairs he sketches.

True, in some respects the dangers posed by terrorism have been getting worse. The casualty rate rose over the 1990's even as the number of incidents declined, and across the same period the U.S. itself became more of a target, a development reflecting the "increased global reach of terrorists" and the "demonstration" provided by the 1993 attack on the World Trade Center and then by Timothy McVeigh that "low-tech methods could cause mass casualties even in the heart of America." But Pillar also notes a more encouraging side of the picture: among Americans, the toll that terrorism has exacted over the past two decades—some 856 killed, including 190 from domestic terrorism—is "tiny" when measured against annual highway deaths or major U.S. wars, and does not even match the death rate from bathtub drownings or lightning strikes.

What such comparisons show, writes Pillar, is that terrorism "tends to have greater psychological impact relative to the physical harm it causes than do other lethal activities." But the public focus on the *failures* of counterterrorism obscures the victories the U.S. has achieved—among them a dramatic cut in the "frequency of international terrorist incidents worldwide" since the mid-1980's and the rapidity with which a number of major terrorist incidents, including the World Trade Center bombing of 1993, were solved and the perpetrators apprehended, tried, and imprisoned. All told, Pillar concludes, the U.S. track record against terrorism over the past decades has been "remarkable."

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As I mentioned early on, Pillar's book was published before September 11. In the wake of September 11, of course, a number of his conclusions and observations—at one point he hails the "drastic reduction in skyjackings" over the past 25 years as a "major success story" of U.S. counterterrorism—seem not just wide of the mark but almost risible. But to pick at Pillar for not having foreseen the future is unfair. Much of what other government officials had to say about terrorism before September 11 is far less wise and clear-eyed than anything in this book.

Just this past July, for example, one of Pillar's colleagues, a former CIA and State Department counterterrorism specialist named Larry C. Johnson, took to the op-ed page of the *New York Times* to dismiss the idea "that terrorism is the greatest threat to the United States," that it is "becoming more widespread and lethal," or that "extremist Islamic groups cause most terrorism." Such "fantasies," Johnson wrote, have been generated by "pundits who repeat myths" and "bureaucracies in the military and in intelligence agencies that are desperate to find an enemy to justify budget growth."

Even *after* September 11 (but before the U.S. began its counterassault on the Taliban and al Qaeda in October), Philip C. Wilcox, Jr., who served in the State Department as ambassador at large for counterterrorism under Madeleine Albright, was insisting in the pages of the *New York Review of Books* that "armed force" is "usually an ineffective and often counterproductive weapon against terror." What is needed instead, he wrote, is "a concerted international effort, with carefully calculated pressures and incentives—and cooperation from Pakistan, which is essential—to persuade bin Laden's hosts to hand him over for trial"; in other words, diplomacy of the very same kind practiced to no effect by the Clinton administration. As for military action, this has several pronounced disadvantages, wrote Wilcox. For one thing, it "may alienate governments, especially in the Islamic world, whose cooperation we need." For another, it "might kill innocents." It could even "violate international laws, including treaties against terrorism that the U.S. had worked hard to strengthen."

If we turn from the executive branch to another arm of government, mention must be made of Daniel Patrick Moynihan, widely regarded, before he retired last year, as the intellectual giant of the U.S. Senate. Having completed a slow journey from a 1970's neoconservative hawk to a 1990's neoliberal dove, the senator from New York spent much of the last decade campaigning to cut the CIA's budget, and indeed introduced a bill to abolish the agency altogether and turn over its intelligence-gathering functions to the State Department, where the likes of Larry C. Johnson and Philip C. Wilcox, Jr. were running the show. Among the provisions of Moynihan's bill, one in particular stands out. It concerns the entry of aliens into the U.S. and might aptly be labeled the Free Admission for Terrorists clause:

> Within two years of the effective date of this Act the United States Government shall delete from any Lookout List the name of any alien and all information pertaining to such alien placed on such list because of any past, current, or expected beliefs, statements, or associations, if such beliefs, statements, or associations would be lawful within the United States.

There is nothing remotely resembling such terminal astigmatism in Pillar's *Terrorism and U.S. Foreign Policy*. Not only is it consistently cogent and sharply reasoned, but at every step of the way Pillar explores the weakness of his own arguments, offering necessary caveats, pointing out areas of uncertainty, and delineating the risks and costs of the policies he himself favors. This is, in sum, a specimen of official thinking at its best. If Pillar's analysis is flawed—and it is deeply flawed—that is because his entire framework for thinking about his subject is misconceived.

To PILLAR, the metaphor of a "'war' against terrorism" is not an apt one, for from that metaphor "it is a small step to conclude"—mistakenly—"that in this war there is no substitute for victory." Instead, counterterrorism should more properly be likened to "the effort by public-health authorities to control communicable diseases" or the effort to improve "highway safety," where regulators "can reduce deaths and injuries somewhat" by taking action on a variety of fronts but without any false idea of "defeating" the problem. Above all, we must be prepared to compromise. Although some terrorists are "monstrous vermin to be locked up or stamped out," there will be occasions, Pillar writes, "when the greatest contribution the United States can make to counterterrorism will be to swallow hard and . . . to shake hands that carry stains of old blood, possibly including American blood." In short, less emphasis on "absolute solutions" and more willingness to seek "accommodation."

Pillar's strategy was demolished on September 11; but even before then, its deficiencies were

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glaring. To think of terrorism as a public-health or traffic-safety problem, with whatever qualifications, is profoundly to misread it as a political and moral phenomenon. Yes, infectious disease and defective automobile tires do cause death, but they do not do so by deliberate human agency. To lose or blur the distinction between such radically disparate things is to deprive us of the clarity necessary to combat it. In particular, by ruling out preemptive strikes, we allowed terrorists to wage war against us at the time and place of their choosing, while we could never hit them, or the states harboring them, first. In other words, the catastrophe of September 11 was not a matter of inadequate airline security or porous border controls or even insufficient watchfulness by the CIA and the FBI, though all of these conditions and more undoubtedly obtained. Rather, what brought us low was a passive strategy, executed passively.

As the 1990's wore on, the government was well aware that Osama bin Laden was targeting the United States for attack. Here, for example, is the relevant entry in the State Department's 2000 annual report on terrorism, listing al Qaeda's activities over the previous decade, but not yet including the attack on the USS Cole:

- Plotted to carry out terrorist operations against U.S. and Israeli tourists visiting Jordan for millennial celebrations. (Jordanian authorities thwarted the planned attacks and put 28 suspects on trial.)
- Conducted the bombings in August 1998 of the U.S. embassies in Nairobi, Kenya, and Dar es Salaam, Tanzania, that killed at least 301 persons and injured more than 5,000 others.
- Claims to have shot down U.S. helicopters and killed U.S. servicemen in Somalia in 1993 and to have conducted three bombings that targeted U.S. troops in Aden, Yemen, in December 1992.
- Linked to the following plans that were not carried out:
  - to assassinate Pope John Paul II during his visit to Manila in late 1994,
  - simultaneous bombings of the U.S. and Israeli embassies in Manila and other Asian capitals in late 1994,
  - the midair bombing of a dozen U.S. trans-Pacific flights in 1995,
  - and to kill President Clinton during a visit to the Philippines in early 1995.

For years, the U.S. government was also aware that Afghanistan and a number of other countries were harboring bin Laden and his associates. It was aware that in some of these countries, terrorist training camps were graduating more than 2,000 men a year, all schooled in the arts of subterfuge and mayhem, all steeped in hatred of the West and preeminently hatred of America. It was aware that bin Laden was attempting to acquire chemical, biological, and nuclear weapons of mass destruction and had built facilities for their production in Afghanistan. And it was aware that bin Laden was himself only a part of a larger picture that included dozens of other affiliated terrorist organizations and more than a half-dozen states giving them succor.

As THE problem posed by bin Laden grew steadily more acute over the course of the decade, how did we respond? "The tendency to overreact to shocking events, and to fall into complacency in their absence," writes Pillar, "is natural and inevitable." Here, however, was a case where the U.S. fell into complacency in the *presence* of shocking events. We did, it is true, launch at least one covert operation and one overt military operation against bin Laden. As is obvious, they failed.

The covert operation never got off the ground, and for a no less obvious reason: to rely on the Pakistani intelligence service to carry it out, when Pakistan was a main prop of the Taliban, was to doom it from the start. As for the overt operation, the retaliatory strike on bin Laden launched by Bill Clinton on August 20, 1998 was designed above all to eliminate any risk to the U.S. Thus Clinton opted only to fire a salvo of cruise missiles from a great distance and did not deploy troops on the ground. Next to the politically costly possibility of suffering American casualties, successfully hitting the target was a secondary consideration—and we missed the target. After bin Laden escaped unscathed, there was no follow-up action whatsoever.

At the time, Clinton's Secretary of State Madeleine K. Albright, making the best of a mini-operation gone awry, told reporters that the strike had actually achieved its goal: "It is very likely something would have happened had we not done this." In the wake of September 11, asked to comment on the Clinton administration's failure to put bin Laden out of business, Albright said only that "I think we accomplished quite a lot." More honest has been Nancy Soderberg, a former senior aide in Clinton's National Security

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Council: "In hindsight, it wasn't enough, and anyone involved in policy would have to admit that."*

The U.S. under Clinton and both Bushes "accomplished quite a lot" of other things, too. In gaining the passage of a UN resolution imposing yet more sanctions against the Taliban last year, the U.S., the State Department proudly announced, had secured a "major victory" against terrorism. The opening in New York of the trial of bin Laden operatives accused of bombing the U.S. embassies in Kenya and Tanzania was, according to the State Department, still another "major victory." When Qaddafi decided to permit the extradition of his intelligence agents to stand trial in the Netherlands, this was, in the words of a ranking Clinton diplomat, "a real achievement" for U.S. policy. And when the guilty verdict was handed up this past January, the reaction of the Bush administration was the same: a "momentous decision," in the words of a State Department spokesman.

AT THE same time that we were compiling paper victories against our deadliest adversaries, we also declared that we were systematically choking them off. It would be more accurate to say that we were laying bare our own throats.

Consider the financial and immigration controls in place before September 11. "[A]ny contribution to a foreign terrorist organization," the State Department declared in 1997, "regardless of the intended purpose," was henceforth "prohibited." But the same document announcing this blanket proscription went on to explain that because some terrorist groups had been operating "charitable activities such as clinics or schools," Americans could still donate to them if their "contribution is limited to medicine or religious materials." Hamas, the Palestinian terrorist group responsible for dozens of suicide bombings within Israel, was specifically singled out as an organization that could be aided in this way, but it was not the only eligible one. Up through September 11 and for a time beyond, it remained perfectly legal to make donations of medications to Osama bin Laden's al Qaeda network, including Cipro—a helpful tool for safely working with anthrax. And one could also contribute texts—"religious materials"—calling for holy war against the United States.

Immigration controls: in theory, members of foreign terrorist organizations were subject to various limitations on their freedom of movement, at least as far as entrance to and residence in the U.S. were concerned. Actual practice was something else. Al Qaeda was officially labeled a terrorist group only in 1999 (a date that in itself speaks volumes about bureaucratic sloth), but as we now know, followers of bin Laden had little difficulty remaining here *legally* even after they were ostensibly banned.

"Four to five al Qaeda groups have operated in the United States for the last several years," the *Washington Post* reported on September 23, 2001. These groups, it continued, "are under intensive government surveillance. The FBI has not made any arrests because the group members entered the country legally in recent years and have not been involved in illegal activities since they arrived, the officials said." A few days later, on September 27, a *New York Times* article helpfully explained the rules governing the issuance of visas to terrorists: "According to the State Department manual for consular officers, participating in the planning or execution of terrorist acts would bar a foreigner from getting a visa, but 'mere membership' in a recognized terrorist group would not automatically disqualify a person from entering the United States. Nor would 'advocacy of terrorism.'" There was no need, it turns out, for passage of Moynihan's Free Admission for Terrorists provision; it had effectively been the law of the land all along.

Even worse, what the *Washington Post* and the *New York Times* have reported is but the tip of an iceberg. Last year, at the behest of Congress, the

* In a series of post-September 11 interviews, Albright has also been contending that the Clinton administration would have lacked popular support for any action against bin Laden more vigorous than what it undertook, and that only with the attack on the World Trade Center and the Pentagon did public opinion awaken fully to the terrorism menace. "This has been such a horrible event," says Albright, "that it has mobilized people in a way that [the destruction of] two embassies and the *Cole* didn't."

But this line of reasoning only serves to remind us once again of how heavily the Clinton administration relied on reading opinion polls in formulating vital national-security plans. What is more, even if public opinion had been as pacific as Albright suggests, could not the American people have been aroused to the danger with proper leadership? A long series of polls cited by Pillar show extremely *high* levels of support throughout the 1990's for a forceful counterterrorism policy; in one representative survey, 79 percent of the public, and 75 percent of "opinion leaders," agreed that "combating international terrorism should be a 'very important' goal of the United States."

What these numbers indicate is that not public opinion but the President's preoccupation with the Lewinsky affair throughout 1998—the crucial year when our embassies in Africa were blown up—foreclosed the possibility of a more militant course. As it was, and as Pillar reminds us, even the President's limited retaliatory strike against bin Laden in that year was widely seen at home and abroad as part of a "*Wag the Dog* scenario" whereby the White House concocted a "a phony war to divert attention from a presidential sex scandal." Even if Clinton's motives in firing cruise missiles at bin Laden were pure (I would give him the benefit of the doubt on that score), we are all now, three years later, beginning to see the real price of his year-long distraction from his duties and his dissipation of presidential authority.

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National Commission on Terrorism, a body of leading experts, issued findings that were duly praised as hitting hard at our complacency. But the report itself, which begins by declaring that "American strategies and policies are basically on the right track," repeatedly illustrates the very attitude it purportedly condemns. Thus, the commission called attention to the "thousands" of students from the countries identified by the State Department as sponsors of terrorism who have been permitted to enter the U.S. to study. But the presence of such students, the report goes on to say, "is not objectionable in itself"; not only do the "vast majority" have "no adverse impact on U.S. national security," but they actually strengthen us by "contribut[ing] to America's diversity." As for the small minority who might in fact be terrorists, the report raises only a very mild alarm about the lack of any functioning system that might tell authorities what they are studying, or whether one of them has suddenly switched his major from, say, business administration to microbiology (with a specialization in anthrax spores), or whether they even remain enrolled in school.

Another startling indicator of lassitude comes from the heart of counterterrorism itself. According to the commission, the guidelines governing the recruitment of "unsavory" sources, introduced by the Clinton administration in 1995, had created a climate within the CIA that was "overly risk-averse" and that contributed "to a marked decline in agency morale unparalleled since the 1970's." That is bad enough; but the morale problem had sources beyond the restrictive guidelines. Again according to the commission, some CIA officers and FBI special agents were being "sued individually" by terrorist suspects for actions taken in the course of their officially sanctioned duties. Instead of representing them in such suits, the government was letting the agents fend for themselves; those who chose to stay on the job were being forced to purchase personal-liability insurance to cover their legal bills.

Did the commission call for an end to this preposterous state of affairs, whereby accused terrorists have been able to turn the tables on their pursuers and bring *them* to court? Not at all. It asked only that the government provide "full reimbursement of the costs of personal-liability insurance."

One can easily go on, but the point is clear. Foreign terrorists were waging war on the United States, and the United States was determined, above all, not to wage war back. Instead, we satisfied ourselves with palliatives: compiling lists of terrorist organizations and the states that sponsored them; capturing and extraditing underlings while letting the planners roam free; imposing sanctions replete with exceptions and loopholes; even, on occasion, closing our eyes entirely to the nature of the perils confronting us. It seems very long ago indeed but it was only last year that Madeleine Albright took to the podium of the State Department to announce that countries on the terrorism list would no longer be known as "rogue states." Henceforth, she declared, they were to be called "states of concern." When an ostrich sees one of its natural predators, it rushes to bury its head in the sand. Here was a great power doing the same.

For our refusal to face down adversaries who were openly bleeding us, and for our unwillingness to take even minimal risks in providing for our self-defense, we have now paid a heavy price. In numbers unknown, terrorists have infiltrated our society and struck a powerful blow. More blows are almost certain to follow. And now at last, to paraphrase Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn in a not altogether different context, the pitiless crowbar of events has pried open our eyes, and we are attempting to fight back.

But are we too late? More to the point, have we truly changed our ways, or will we soon be back on the road to "accommodation," shaking hands with "moderate" members of the Taliban and cementing a phony alliance with the terrorist-sponsoring states of the Middle East? How many more of us will die before we steel ourselves to do what is necessary in order to secure the victory that many besides Paul Pillar assure us can never come?

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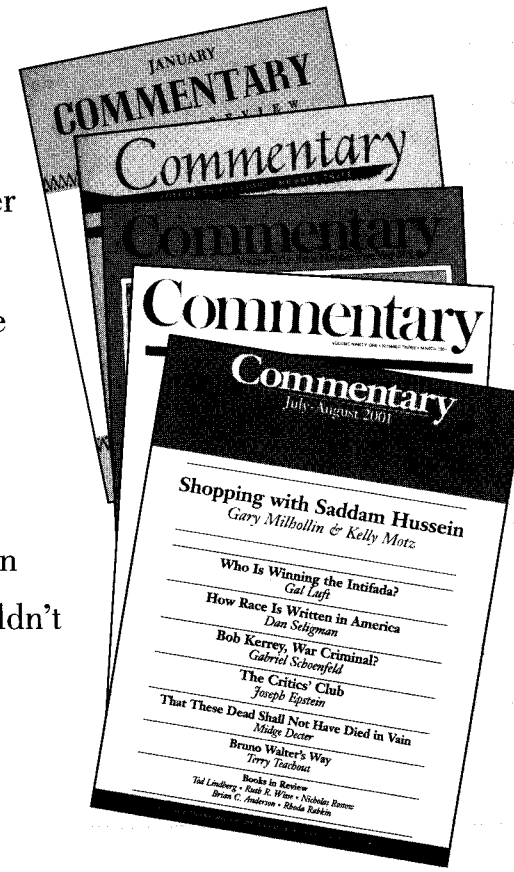

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How Not to Conduct Jewish-Christian Dialogue

Jon D. Levenson

One of the most remarkable cultural developments of the past half-century has been the growth of interfaith dialogue. Members of religious communities that, on principle, had long avoided communication with each other are now in regular discussions characterized by mutual respect, and the discussions not infrequently involve precisely the points of theological difference that had long precluded contact.

Among the many positive consequences of these exchanges has been a dramatic shift in the Christian teaching about Judaism. The classical view, with its roots in the New Testament, portrayed Judaism as at best a preparation for the full and final truth of the Christian Gospel. In this account, the Jews, by killing their own messiah, had become the enemies of God, and were punished accordingly throughout the generations. As the Jewish crowd cries to Pontius Pilate, the Roman prefect, in the Gospel according to Matthew, "His blood be on us, and on our children."

In this Christian understanding, what was entailed for the Jews was not only the loss of God's favor—and thus the elevation of a new chosen people, represented by the Church—but also the destruction of the Temple in Jerusalem and exile from their promised land. Not that the Jews themselves were to be destroyed: on the contrary, at least from the time of Augustine in the early 5th century C.E., the continued existence of the Jews in a state of degradation was seen as proof of Christianity's truth. "The Jews, against whom the blood of Jesus Christ calls out," Pope Innocent III wrote in 1208, "ought not to be killed, lest the Christian people forget the Divine Law," but "as wanderers they ought to remain upon the earth, until their countenance be filled with shame."

As the classical Christian view would have it, Judaism had become obsolete. Its adherents, missing the meaning of their own practices, concentrated fruitlessly on external rituals at the expense of genuine faith. Seeking salvation in their own works rather than in the mystery of divine grace, Jews had become ever more deeply entangled in petty legalism and lacked the means to draw closer to the God Who had sent His only begotten son for their salvation and for the salvation of the world.

The relationship between these theological teachings and Christian treatment of the Jews over the centuries is highly complex. On the one hand, as I have suggested, the Church generally frowned on violence against the Jews. On the other hand, persistent accusation, recrimination, and defamation took their toll, often paid in blood. For a chilling instance of the link between theology and in-

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citement, one need look no farther than Martin Luther's pamphlet, *Of the Jews and Their Lies* (1543):

> First, their synagogues . . . should be set on fire, and whatever does not burn up should be covered or spread over with dirt so that no one may ever be able to see a cinder or stone of it. And this ought to be done for the honor of God and of Christianity. . . . Secondly, their homes should likewise be broken down and destroyed. For they perpetrate the same things there that they do in their synagogue. For this reason they ought to be put under one roof as in a stable, like gypsies.

There is, to be sure, a difference between what Luther advocated and what his German compatriots put into action four centuries later, under Hitler. Whereas traditional Christian theology inspired the Protestant reformer, the Nazis were motivated by modern racism: they sought not the conversion of the Jews but their unqualified annihilation, and to this end the beliefs of the intended victims were irrelevant. Nonetheless, it strains the historical imagination to claim that nearly two millennia of Christian demonization of Judaism and the Jews played no role in laying the groundwork for the Final Solution.

In the wake of the Holocaust, many Christian groups, both Catholic and Protestant, have engaged in a soul-searching reexamination of the "teaching of contempt" (in the phrase of the French historian Jules Isaac) that long dominated their thinking about the Jews. They have often done so, moreover, with the help of Jewish interlocutors. The result has been a series of statements that reverse, or at least severely limit, the classical theology. In most cases, these statements have affirmed the family connection of Judaism and Christianity, acknowledging both the Church's indebtedness to Judaism (especially for the set of scriptures it received from the Jews) and the continuing validity of the older tradition. In some instances, apologies have been proffered for the long history of anti-Jewish persecution, including the Holocaust. Especially moving have been the images of Pope John Paul II—a successor to Innocent III and a long line of other despisers of the Jews—politely visiting the Great Synagogue of Rome and praying at the Western Wall in Jerusalem under Israeli sovereignty.

HOW HAS this change in Christian attitudes been greeted by Jews? As a political and cultural matter, needless to say, it has been warmly welcomed, if with occasional signs of wariness. But what has been slower in coming—and what many Christians, after a painful reevaluation of their own tradition, have been most eager to receive—is a considered historical and theological response. Are the regrets of Christians accepted, or do Jews think that Christianity inherently leads to anti-Semitic persecution? Will Jews acknowledge that the two communities are members of the same larger spiritual grouping, or do they see Christians as an alien group, little closer to them in belief and practice than Hindus or Buddhists?

In the early 1990's, an interfaith center in Baltimore called the Institute for Christian and Jewish Studies assembled a group of Jewish academics to answer such questions and to consider more broadly the significance of Christianity's new openness to Judaism. From these ongoing consultations there finally emerged, late last year, "A Jewish Statement on Christians and Christianity," titled *Dabru Emet* ("Speak the Truth," after the words of Zechariah 8:16). Written by four highly regarded professors of Jewish studies—Tikva Frymer-Kensky of the University of Chicago, David Novak of the University of Toronto, Peter Ochs of the University of Virginia, and Michael A. Signer of the University of Notre Dame—the statement was signed by some 170 other rabbis and Jewish scholars, and published in the *New York Times* and several other venues.* It has since attracted numerous other signatories and a great deal of attention, most of it extremely positive.

Though *Dabru Emet* covers a wide range of complex issues, it is not a lengthy work. After two introductory paragraphs describing the recent sea change in relations between Christians and Jews, it consists of eight theses of one sentence apiece, each of which is then followed by a short explanatory paragraph. The theses, in order, read as follows:

- Jews and Christians worship the same God.
- Jews and Christians seek authority from the same book—the Bible (what Jews call "Tanakh" and Christians call the "Old Testament").
- Christians can respect the claim of the Jewish people upon the land of Israel.
- Jews and Christians accept the moral principles of Torah.
- Nazism was not a Christian phenomenon.
- The humanly irreconcilable difference between Jews and Christians will not be settled

* *Dabru Emet* is available online at www.icjs.org/what/njsp/dabruemet.html. For a collection of essays in support of the statement and its approach, see *Christianity in Jewish Terms*, edited by Frymer-Kensky, Novak, Ochs, Signer, and David Fox Sandmel (Westview Press, 438 pp., $30.00).

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until God redeems the entire world as promised in Scripture.

- A new relationship between Jews and Christians will not weaken Jewish practice.
- Jews and Christians must work together for justice and peace.

As the authors and signatories of *Dabru Emet* acknowledge, their brief and necessarily incomplete statement is but a "first step" toward a new Jewish understanding of Christianity. Still, one may wonder how useful a start it represents.

Dabru Emet suffers from one of the great pitfalls of interfaith dialogue as it has come to be practiced over the past several decades. Given the history of religiously inspired contempt and animosity, it is inevitably tempting in such exercises to avoid any candid discussion of fundamental beliefs and to adopt instead the model of conflict resolution or diplomatic negotiation. The goal thus becomes reaching an agreement, in the manner of two countries that submit to arbitration in an effort to end longstanding tensions or of a husband and wife who go to a marriage counselor in hopes of overcoming the points of contention in their relationship. Commonalities are stressed, and differences—the reason, presumably, for entering into dialogue in the first place—are minimized, neglected, or denied altogether. Once this model is adopted, the ultimate objective becomes not just agreement but mutual affirmation; the critical judgments that the religious traditions have historically made upon each other are increasingly presented as merely the tragic fruit of prejudice and misunderstanding.

In *Dabru Emet*, this imperative to find common ground is perhaps most evident in the earnest and anodyne platitude with which the document concludes. "Jews and Christians," we are told, "must work together for justice and peace"—a stand that has no doubt provoked dismay among those bent on working apart in the service of injustice and war. But the overriding need to affirm similarities infects more substantive parts of the statement as well.

Consider the finely crafted paragraph explaining the thesis that Nazism was not "a Christian phenomenon." Here we find the forthright qualification that not only individual Christians but Christianity itself did play *a* role in making the Holocaust possible. At the same time, the statement recognizes that some Christians resisted the Nazis and many more have in the ensuing years repudiated the traditional anti-Semitism out of which Nazism partly grew.

The problem comes with the speculation that "If the Nazi extermination of the Jews had been fully successful, it would have turned its murderous rage more directly to Christians." This assimilates Jews and Christians much too readily. The Nazi war against the Jews was based on race; to the murderers, whether the victims believed in Judaism in any sense was not pertinent, and people of Jewish ancestry who were altogether secular or who had converted to Christianity were sent to their deaths alongside their most observant kinsmen. For Christians without Jewish ancestors, by contrast, it was hardly difficult to avoid the genocidal scrutiny of Nazi Germany. Only those few believers who spoke out against the regime were in any danger.

In suggesting that Christians, too, were intended victims of the Holocaust, the authors of *Dabru Emet* falsely put them in the same boat with Jews—or, to be more precise, on the same train to Auschwitz. To say the least, this is taking the interests of interfaith solidarity too far.

If the statement is shaky on history, things go from bad to worse in those sections of it that touch on theological questions.

"Christians," we are given to understand, "can respect the claim of the Jewish people upon the land of Israel." The modal verb in this thesis gives a lot of wiggle room. Since many Christians do in fact respect the Jewish claim (while others do not), who would deny that they "can"?

What this assertion seemingly means to tell Christians is that they *should* support Israel. In particular, it applauds those who embrace the Jewish state "for reasons more profound than mere politics." The question, however, is what those reasons are. The only one stipulated here is that "Israel was promised . . . to the Jews as the physical center of the covenant between them and God." But what about those Christians, hardly few in number, who support Israel because they see the ingathering of the Jewish exiles as a necessary prelude to the second coming of Jesus and the conversion of all Israel to Christianity? Do the Jewish authors of *Dabru Emet* welcome the views of these Christians as well, or is there something deeply problematic in their theology? On this they are awkwardly silent.

The same flaw can be seen in the assertion that the fundamental disagreement between Jews and Christians "will not be settled until God redeems the entire world as promised in Scripture." In this case, the authors simply assume that Christianity

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will be a participant in the events of the last days. But the two traditions have historically envisioned those events in ways that are not only different but incompatible. Why should Jews—as Jews—affirm as a matter of belief that the Church will survive until the final redemption?

The reverse question is easy for many Christians to answer. As Paul insists in the New Testament, the Jews have not been utterly rejected by God but remain "beloved because of the patriarchs [Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob]. For the gift and the call of God are irrevocable." This affirmation, however, is pro-Jewish without being pro-Judaism. Its point is that God bears with the Jews despite the failure of so many of them to become Christians. "A hardening has come upon Israel," the apostle writes, "until the full number of the Gentiles comes in [to the truth of Christianity], and thus all Israel will be saved."

In recent years, Christians have made these ideas the basis for a positive evaluation of Judaism, and it is understandable that the authors of *Dabru Emet* should feel the need to reciprocate. But the relationship is not symmetrical. For classical Judaism, there is no covenant between God and the Church—no parallel, that is, to Paul's belief in the irrevocable "call" of the Israelite patriarchs. *Dabru Emet*'s suggestion that the Church will survive until God finally redeems the world thus seems like a thin imitation of Christian doctrine, contrived for purposes of dialogue but without real foundation in Jewish thought.

Dabru Emet moves to only slightly more secure ground when, in another of its eight theses, it asserts that "Jews and Christians accept the moral principles of Torah." But how many Christians ask themselves, "Are my morals in line with Torah?" They are more likely to ask, "What would Jesus do?" (hence "WWJD" on bumper stickers, T-shirts, etc.). In fact, Christianity has usually considered Jesus' moral principles to be superior to those of the Torah, an improvement or radicalization and not just a restatement. Consider these examples from the Sermon on the Mount:

> You have heard that it was said [in the Decalogue], "You shall not commit adultery." But I say to you: if a man looks on a woman with lust, he has already committed adultery with her in his heart.
>
> You have heard that it was said, "An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth" [Exodus 21:24]. But I say to you, offer no resistance to one who is evil. If someone slaps you on the right cheek, turn the other one to him as well.

There is, of course, vastly more to the relationship between Christian morality and the Torah than the Sermon on the Mount indicates. And, with respect to these specific cases, we must not neglect to mention that the rabbis, too, viewed lust negatively, or that the Torah forbids vengeance and grudge-bearing. In fact, in its rabbinic interpretation (and arguably in the written Torah as well), the principle of "an eye for an eye" means monetary, not physical, compensation.

Even so, these passages show that alongside the theological debate between Christians and Jews there is a moral debate as well, and that historically, Christians have generally seen Jesus as instituting a new ethic at odds with that of the Hebrew Bible. In addition, they have not infrequently been critical of the law itself—of "commandments"—as a vehicle of the moral imagination, preferring instead love or the Spirit, what the Epistle to the Hebrews (following Jeremiah) calls laws written upon the heart. Thus, even when the substantive morality of Christians and Jews is the same, the principle of derivation often is not.

A more appropriately worded thesis in tune with Jewish sources would have invoked not the Torah as a whole but the seven commandments—prohibitions against murder, robbery, sexual immorality, etc.—that constitute the Noahide laws, the basic norms that the talmudic rabbis thought incumbent upon Jews and Gentiles alike. To the extent that Christianity promotes adherence to these commandments, a longstanding Jewish tradition maintains, it aids its believers in attaining a proper relationship with God. In rabbinic parlance, it helps them merit "a share in the world-to-come." But, amazingly, the Noahide laws go unmentioned in *Dabru Emet* (unless the "moral principles of Torah" are a garbled reference to them). Even more amazing, in a statement written by Jewish theologians, is the absence of the words law and commandment themselves.

STILL MORE fundamental is the partiality of vision that allows the statement's authors to declare that both faiths "seek authority from the same book," known to Jews as the "Tanakh" (a Hebrew acronym for the three sections of the Jewish Bible) and to Christians as the "Old Testament." This awkward gloss on how the two traditions refer to the "same book" already points to the problem. Christians do not refer to the Old Testament alone as the Bible, and Jews, for their part, do not consider the New Testament to be biblical in any way.

Nor do the dissimilarities end there. The Old

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Testament of the Roman Catholic and Eastern Orthodox churches includes Jewish books that never attained canonical status in rabbinic Judaism. The order of the two collections also differs in revealing ways. In its current form, for example, the Tanakh ends with the Persian emperor Cyrus's decree in Chronicles that Jews may return to their homeland, where God has charged Cyrus to rebuild the Temple in Jerusalem. The Old Testament, by contrast, ends with the prophet Malachi's prediction that God will send the prophet Elijah "before the coming of the awesome, fearful day of the Lord"—an arrangement that makes a nice bridge to John the Baptist's heralding of Jesus in the New Testament.

Even if we assume that Jews and Christians use "the same book," *Dabru Emet* still skirts essential points. For the Tanakh and the Old Testament are, in major ways, subordinate to other elements in their respective traditions. In Christianity, the true meaning of the Jewish scriptures is thought to have been revealed in and by Jesus; thus, the idea that the Jews misread their own Bible. Paul could not be more explicit:

> Therefore, since we have such hope, we act very boldly and not like Moses, who put a veil over his face so that the Israelites could not look intently at the cessation of what was fading. Rather, their thoughts were rendered dull. . . . To this day, in fact, whenever Moses is read, a veil lies over their hearts, but whenever a person turns to the Lord the veil is removed.

Paul does indeed cast his argument as an exegesis of an event in the Jewish scriptures, but he does not simply "interpret the Bible differently," as *Dabru Emet* blandly puts it. Rather, he delivers a broadside against the very way the Jews approach the Bible—that is, non-christologically. The statement's observation that "we each take away similar lessons" from our Tanakh/Old Testament, while not altogether untrue, fails to mention that on certain fundamental points, the lessons "we" take away are not only different, they are mutually exclusive.

In their paragraph about the Bible, the authors of *Dabru Emet* also passed up an opportunity to correct one of the most common Christian misconceptions about Judaism—namely, that the Bible is its sole authority. They could have done so by pointing to the centrality of the oral Torah, that is, the Mishnah and subsequent rabbinic teaching. Did they refrain out of the (perhaps unconscious) recognition that this would have profoundly undermined their simplistic claim that the two communities appeal to "the same book"?

As it happens, some ancient Jewish affirmations of the critical importance of the oral Torah parallel Christian claims on behalf of the Gospel:

> When the Holy One blessed-be-He said to Moses [Exodus 34:27], "Write down [these commandments, for in accordance with these commandments I make a covenant with you and Israel]," Moses asked that the Mishnah be put into writing. Since the Holy One blessed-be-He foresaw that the nations of the world would translate the Torah, read it in Greek, and say, "We are Israel," and up to this point the scales are equally balanced [between Jewish and Gentile claimants to the status of Israel], the Holy One blessed-be-He said to the nations, "You say that you are My children. What I know is that those who have My secret with them—they are My children. And what is it? It is the Mishnah [teaching] which was given orally."

Here, the key element is not the common Scripture but that which is *not* shared, God's "secret," the means, that is, for arbitrating between rival readings of the same text.

Dabru Emet is not wrong to draw attention to common scriptures and "similar lessons." The problem is that it reduces what is not common to mere differences of opinion—as if the two traditions make no truth claims. This easygoing relativism profoundly impedes any sophisticated understanding of the two millennia of Jewish-Christian dialogue and dispute over the meaning of Scripture. A more accurate statement would note that it is precisely the points of commonality that make disputation over the differences inevitable—at least within communities committed to the idea of religious truth and not simply to the theological equivalent of "I'm OK, you're OK."

Let me illustrate the point with one of the "similar lessons" that *Dabru Emet* thinks Jews and Christians derive from their common "Bible": "God established a covenant with the people Israel." That covenant is first announced to Abraham in Genesis 15, following a report that the childless future patriarch has exhibited trust in God's unlikely promise to grant him innumerable progeny. The key verse (v. 6) reads, "And because he put his trust in the Lord, He reckoned it to his merit." Two chapters later, God again announces the covenant with Abraham, only this time ordaining that it shall have a sign, the mandatory circumcision of Jewish males. Only several generations later is a covenant made with Israel at Mount Sinai under the leadership of Moses.

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Early in his career, Paul, the "apostle to the Gentiles," found himself confronted by Jewish followers of Jesus who insisted that non-Jews entering the new religion undergo circumcision and carry out the other commandments of the Torah. Given the example of Jesus himself, a Torah-observant Jew, this was not an unreasonable demand. In seeking to oppose it, Paul turned his exegetical genius to the chronology of covenants in the Torah.

Taking up Genesis 15:6, Paul construed it to mean that God considered Abraham righteous even before he became circumcised, and purely on the basis of his faith. Faith, that is to say, could substitute for the commandments of the Torah. In Paul's own words at the end of his career, "It was not through the Law that the promise was made to Abraham and his descendants that he would inherit the world, but through the righteousness that comes from faith."

At first glance, this may look like a quarrel of only peripheral relevance to Judaism, since the immediate issue concerns circumcision and Torah-observance, neither of which Judaism requires of outsiders. The rub is that, in Paul's thinking, Abraham serves as a model not only for Gentiles or Christians but for all who wish to belong to *Israel*:

> For not all who are of Israel are Israel, nor are they all children of Abraham because they are his descendants; but "It is through Isaac that descendants shall bear your name [Genesis 21:12]." This means that it is not the children of the flesh who are the children of God, but that the children of the promise are counted as descendants.

Just as it is faith rather than circumcision that enables a man to attain the lofty status of Abrahamic descent, so it is faith rather than birth that determines who truly belongs to Israel.

The faith of which Paul speaks, moreover, is not some vague existential stance but faith in Jesus. This was the very point that Paul's Jewish kinsmen, to his great disappointment and annoyance, had not accepted, preferring instead their Torah and its commandments:

> What then shall we say? That Gentiles, who did not pursue righteousness, have achieved it, that is, righteousness that comes from faith; but that Israel, who pursued the law of righteousness, did not attain to that law? Why not? Because they did it not by faith, but as if it could be done by works. They stumbled over the stone that causes stumbling, as it is written [Isaiah 28:16]: "Behold, I am laying a stone in Zion that will make people stumble and a rock that will make them fall, and whoever believes in Him shall not be put to shame."

Abraham is today often called the common father of Jews, Christians, and Muslims. Here, however, he serves a key role in advancing the quite specific claim that the Gospel has replaced the Torah (which, properly interpreted, always pointed to it) and that the Church (though Paul sometimes vacillates on this point) has replaced the Jewish people, Abraham's natural descendants.

Not surprisingly, the traditional Jewish theology of Abraham moves in an altogether opposite direction. Two centuries before the emergence of Christianity, the idea had already appeared that Abraham observed norms only disclosed later, in the time of Moses—in other words, that he practiced Sinaitic religion even before Sinai. As the Mishnah, compiled about 200 C.E., would later put it, "We find that our father Abraham carried out the whole Torah before it had been given." Whether by design or not, this view undercuts the Pauline use of Abraham as an object lesson in the sufficiency of faith at the expense of specific norms. In the rabbinic interpretation, the Pauline opposition between an Abrahamic and a Mosaic dispensation dissolves.

Much is at stake theologically in a dialogue grounded in these ancient sources. When, as in *Dabru Emet*, the two disputants are depicted as simply different and therefore out of each other's way, everything that is at stake is made to evanesce. Elsewhere the statement affirms that "Christians know and serve God through Jesus Christ and the Christian tradition" while "Jews know and serve God through Torah and the Jewish tradition," thereby achieving the desired comity by marking out friendly spheres of influence: Jesus Christ for the Christians, Torah for the Jews. Radically changed in the process is what both Jesus Christ and Torah have traditionally meant to those who embraced them.

FINALLY, AT the foundation of *Dabru Emet*'s theology, there is the claim that "Jews and Christians worship the same God." Historically, this view would not have met with much dissent among Christians. However much Christian orthodoxy may have deemed Jewish modes of worship to be obsolete, it early on anathematized the belief that the God of the Church was a higher (and thus different) God from that of the Jews and their scriptures.

But here—as generally in Jewish-Christian rela-

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tions—asymmetry reigns, and simple reciprocity is a dangerous course. For their part, Jews have *not* always been convinced that Christians worship the same God. Maimonides, for example, the great Sephardic legal authority and philosopher of the 12th century, explicitly classifies Christianity as idolatry, thus forbidding contact with Christians of the sort permitted with practitioners of other, non-idolatrous religions. Even in the medieval Ashkenazic world, where a very different view of Christianity obtained, some authorities interpreted the monotheistic affirmation of the *Shema*, the mandatory daily declaration of Jewish faith, as an explicit denial of the doctrine of the Trinity.

The issue is even more basic than the familiar questions of whether Jesus was the messiah and whether the Torah is still in effect or has been superseded by the Gospel: it is a question of the identity of God Himself. For traditional Christianity sees Jesus not only as a spokesman of God, in the manner of a Jewish prophet, but also and more importantly as an incarnation—the definitive and unsurpassable incarnation—of the God of Israel. In the words of the Nicene Creed (recited liturgically in Eastern Orthodox, Roman Catholic, and many Protestant churches to this day), Jesus is "true God from true God, begotten, not made, of one being with the Father. Through him all things were made."

Participants in Jewish-Christian dialogue often speak as if Jews and Christians agreed about God but disagreed about Jesus. They have forgotten that in a very real sense, orthodox Christians believe Jesus *is* God.

The disturbing tendency to hide from inconvenient differences that is evident throughout *Dabru Emet* may help to explain the defensive tone of the statement's most curious thesis. "A new relationship between Jews and Christians," the authors assure us, "will not weaken Jewish practice." Given the practical and theological positions articulated in the rest of *Dabru Emet*, worries over the maintenance of a separate Jewish identity—worries the authors here (anxiously?) dismiss—would seem to require a more convincing response.

One need hardly be an advocate of interfaith hostility to observe that two communities that feel an instinctive repugnance toward each other are unlikely to form an amalgam, whether through acculturation or intermarriage. By the same token, communities that have largely overcome their animosity and moved to mutual respect, as Jews and Christians have done to a significant extent in the United States, must look elsewhere for such reinforcements to group identity as existed under the older and more contentious arrangement. Under any conditions, the risks are higher for the smaller community—that is, the Jews. They are especially high if Jews and Christians really do stand in the relationship described by *Dabru Emet*.

For the thrust of this statement is to make the two communities look as alike as two peas in a single religious pod. Both, we are told, pray to "the same God," appeal to "the same book" (from which they "take away similar lessons"), and abide by the same "moral principles"—in fact, the "moral principles of Torah." Moreover, both were the targets (if with a difference in chronology) of the Nazis' "murderous rage," and both can now appreciate God's gift of the Land of Israel to the Jews. Although the statement mentions disagreements and asks that they be respected, it is hard to come away from it without feeling that the nearly two thousand years of Jewish-Christian disputation were based on little more than the narcissism of small differences.

Is it mere coincidence that the recent rapprochement between Jews and Christians has been accompanied by soaring rates of intermarriage, and by a striking acceptance of this demographic calamity on the part of many Jewish organizations?* If, as we are now told, the commonalities between the two religions really are so basic, and so encompassing, why indeed *should* intermarriage, or for that matter conversion to Christianity, be resisted as strenuously as their tradition has long enjoined Jews to do?

None of this need deter anyone from "speaking the truth" about the relationship of Jews and Christians as he sees it. But for the authors and signatories of *Dabru Emet* to assert that their version of this truth poses no hazards to Jewish practice and identity is not just wishful thinking; it is whistling in the dark.

* See Jack Wertheimer, "Surrendering to Intermarriage," in the March 2001 Commentary.

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Romancing Depression

Paul R. McHugh

OF ALL the medical disciplines, psychiatry is the most closely tied to cultural attitudes. So it is hardly surprising that, along with our culture itself, American psychiatric thought and practice should have undergone radical change since the 1960's and 70's. What may seem more surprising is that, at least in its later phases, this shift has followed not the surface fancies and leftist ideologies of the age but deeper currents of realism and pragmatism. Just as socialist politics and economies collapsed and were replaced by a newfound admiration for democratic capitalism, so dogmatic Freudianism, with its guilt-assuaging visions of intrapsychic conflict and its view that unconscious Oedipal anxiety explains all mental disorder, came to be replaced by more realistic assumptions and by empirical studies of mental illness and its treatment.

In particular, recent decades have seen two fundamental psychiatric upheavals: one in therapy, the other in the identification and treatment of the two major mental illnesses of manic-depression and schizophrenia. Both upheavals, of which the first is the lesser known, ended up enhancing psychiatric practice and benefiting patients and their families.

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By the end of the 1960's, a number of psychiatrists had already come to acknowledge that, in standard practice, psychotherapy tended to tolerate self-indulgent, aggressive, and impulsive behavior, in most cases explaining it away as a defense against anxiety. But this, it was becoming clear, worked against the recovery of patients, let alone their emotional maturation. What began to emerge in the 1970's was a more demanding psychotherapy, one in which patients were expected to bring their behavior under control before help could be found for their emotional distress.

The initial outlines of the new psychotherapy were most astutely articulated by the iconoclastic psychoanalyst Otto Kernberg of New York. In his concept of the "borderline" patient, Kernberg identified a large group of individuals showing a pervasive pattern of emotional and behavioral instability. Typically, their interpersonal relationships were characterized by dramatic, often violent alternations between anger and affection. Intense displays of temper, angry separations from relatives and friends, even physical fighting were common, as were unpredictable mood shifts leading to chaotic sexual behavior.

Psychiatrists were well acquainted with patients like these, to whom they gave diagnostic names like pseudoneurotic schizophrenics or intense narcissistic personalities. Generally, they were thought to be inaccessible to therapy. Kernberg, however, focused not on their personalities but on their con-

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duct. Even in the therapeutic setting itself, he observed, such patients would manipulate and polarize, set up false dichotomies (as between presumptive "friends" and "enemies"), and thereby excuse their own often inexcusable behavior. This, said Kernberg, had to be countered. If there were to be any chance of helping these people, they needed to be taken to task and held accountable.

Liberating therapists from their own self-imposed shackles of permissiveness, Kernberg encouraged them to confront aggressive and narcissistic patients who had previously defeated them and force these patients to take responsibility for their feelings and behavior. And indeed, the application of Kernberg's ideas did bring into therapeutic care many individuals previously excluded from attention, in the process helping them overcome the attitudes that had previously crippled them. Kernberg's ideas soon spread beyond the specific class of patients he had identified to include other people in other circumstances who suffered from similar tendencies.

IN THE meantime, and alongside these improvements in the capacities of psychotherapists, an entirely different idea was emerging: namely, that many of the seriously mentally ill—specifically, those suffering from manic-depression and schizophrenia—were not simply expressing deep-seated psychological conflicts, as Freudianism had taught, but had real, *medical* diseases. Prompting this conceptual breakthrough was the chance discovery in those years of medications like lithium, which both corrected specific conditions and relieved patients of other symptoms that had proved resistant to psychiatric treatment.

Over the ensuing decades, much has been written about this second development, including by patients or ex-patients who in describing their own ordeals have placed the advances of psychiatry in the light of personal experience. One such patient is the writer Andrew Solomon, whose book, *The Noonday Demon: An Atlas of Depression*,* caused a considerable stir when it was published earlier this year and has recently been nominated for a National Book Award. *The Noonday Demon* joins such other accounts of depression as *Darkness Visible* (1990) by the novelist William Styron and *An Unquiet Mind* (1995) by Kay Redfield Jamison, a well-known academic psychologist, but it is much more ambitious in scope. Inadvertently, it also reveals how many of the temperaments and attitudes challenged by Otto Kernberg continue to linger—and to be indulged.

As his subtitle implies, Solomon means to do more than describe for us his own life and his encounter with depressive illness—though he certainly does that in very great detail. He also set out to characterize the entire state of current professional thinking about depression, the vast array of therapies applied to it around the world, and the history and politics of its study. All of this is undoubtedly of interest, if marred by Solomon's fundamentally uncritical attitude toward the information he has assembled and his tendency to see benefit in every treatment he encounters.

Over the course of this book we certainly learn much about Andrew Solomon. He is independently wealthy—his father directs a profitable pharmaceutical company that produces, *mirabile dictu*, an anti-depressant. He is well educated, with an MA from an English university, has written for the *New Yorker*, and conducts an active social life. Also, he is sexually adventurous, choosing both female and male partners. And he has tried a wide variety of addictive drugs, although he claims that he never became dependent on any of them because he lacks, as he puts it, "an addictive personality."

As for his depression, the first attacks, Solomon says, seemed to come out of the blue, and at a time when he thought he had "solved most of [his] problems." As the depression worsened, all his emotions turned downward, he found it progressively harder to find joy in anything, and ultimately he withdrew to his bed, stopped eating, and fell into a stuporous, self-neglectful condition from which he was rescued, essentially, by his father.

There followed many different kinds and forms of treatment, including but hardly limited to both orthodox psychoanalysis and pharmacological medication. With the help of the latter, Solomon recovered from his initial spell of depression, but in the next few years he fell into two more, almost as severe, both of which were precipitated by physical illness and the cessation of medication. In each case he was beset by self-loathing, became preoccupied with thoughts of death, and engaged in the crudest forms of sexual behavior in order to expose himself to HIV and thus gain a real excuse for suicide. Nothing he could do or think about would relieve his symptoms. In the end, only the working-out of an efficacious regimen of pills has helped him and kept him well.

We learn all about Solomon's many treatments in this book, and also about the problems each type entailed. As he became more and more persuaded

* Scribner, 571 pp., $28.00.

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of the biomedical nature of his condition, he studied the theories behind anti-depressant medications and the way they act on different patients, and this research, too, he shares in detail with his readers. He also visited many different psychiatric centers and healing places, from the conventional to the outré, inquiring in each case into patients who experienced states of mind similar to his own and the way therapists and physicians responded to these patients and what advances they anticipated in knowledge and methods of practice. The record of all these experiences—along with interviews of leaders of the psychiatric profession and a broad review of the contemporary periodical literature—fills out the book.

ASIDE FROM the many things we learn about the adventures of Andrew Solomon, however, what exactly do we learn about depression? To answer that question it is useful to compare *The Noonday Demon* with the memoirs by William Styron and Kay Redfield Jamison. They, too, describe from a personal viewpoint the mental changes wrought by depression and mania, and offer detailed accounts of treatment, particularly by means of drugs and electric shock. Both authors are exceptionally good at portraying the loss of control felt during attacks of depression, especially the irrational but all-encompassing despair that accompanies it. Thus, Styron at one point compares his depressed mind with "one of those outmoded small-town telephone exchanges, being gradually inundated by flood-waters," while, for Jamison, the engulfing sense of personal worthlessness and hopelessness made her regard even her body as "uninhabitable . . . raging and weeping and full of destruction."

The precision with which these writers strive to capture the stages of their condition, from onset to eventual recovery, marks something of a contrast with Solomon's often blurry reportage and omnium-gatherum approach to medical information. More importantly, both of them bring into focus, as he does not, the particular *form* of depression that all three suffered from. For, as a mental symptom, depression can have many different causes and can also manifest itself in an entire range of feelings, from discouragement and demoralization to something much more elemental. The depression that these books are describing—here again Solomon's approach tends to muddle necessary distinctions—is of the latter variety.

To be still more precise, this form of depression is a symptom or, better, an expression of what is called affective disorder. This is an affliction in which an otherwise ordinary mental faculty—namely, the link between the mind's affective domain (moods, emotions, and drives) and the mind's cognitive domain (thoughts and perceptions)—has been disrupted. As a consequence, affects run autonomously and ungoverned, shifting with any given attack of the disorder either toward the misery and withdrawal of depression or toward the energy and over-confidence of mania. That is why most psychiatrists prefer to use more exact terms like manic-depression or bipolar disorder to refer to this class of affective illnesses, although for ease of understanding I shall continue to refer to it by the somewhat misleading catch-all of depression.

Many people, including many patients, still believe that at the heart of this particular disorder lies some great personal and moral flaw, one that can be corrected if only they would not let their emotions run amok. The great virtue of the Styron and Jamison books, especially if read in conjunction with more specialized studies like Francis M. Mondimore's *Depression: The Mood Disease* (1990), is that they help dispel this mistaken notion. Rather, they demonstrate, this form of depression shares more attributes with a disease like epilepsy than it does with a character trait like self-pity—and, like epilepsy, it can respond to medical treatment. Kay Jamison, in particular, has inspired many victims of depression to realize that if they can overcome this mental ordeal as she did, they might at last put it behind them and move on into life.

Andrew Solomon's book is much more equivocal in its message. Although thorough to a fault as a description of personal experience, and no less exhaustive in its account of treatments and the theoretical conceptions behind them, it is, at its heart, a book about *him*, and correspondingly less than useful either as a true "atlas" of depression or as a guide for fellow-sufferers.

The problem comes to light right at the start, with Solomon's portentous first sentence: "Depression is the flaw in love." Similar aphoristic statements turn up again and again: "Depression like sex retains an unquenchable aura of mystery. It is new every time." "Strength of will is the best bulwark against depression." Not only are these assertions melodramatic, they are quite simply—and revealingly—wrong.

TO REPEAT, the particular disorder at issue here is a disease, an affliction that disrupts a natural function of emotional control. This disease, like other diseases both physical and mental, renders the afflicted person impaired in ways that are *essentially the same from case to case*. The injury is no

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more related to "love" than it is to any other emotion: *all* affective functions are disrupted. And far from being "new every time," it is so similar from occasion to occasion that a veteran patient—or an experienced relative—can detect its recurrence from the first subtle effects on emotional tone, attitude, facial expression, even posture. Finally, strength of will has no more to do with this disorder and its course than strength of will controls the progress of Alzheimer's disease.

The awful but crucial thing about disease, mental or physical, is that it stands apart from who you are as a person. *You* can be discouraged, demoralized, and down-hearted about events in your life that have blocked your hopes and plans. If you happen to be selfish, willful, and irresponsible, you might drive others away and thus bring on symptoms of loneliness and despair. If you take up attitudes and assumptions that promote anorexia nervosa, alcoholism, or drug addiction, you might suffer the miseries these behaviors carry with them. These states of mind are often and confusingly labeled depression, but none of them is the depression I am talking about, which is not a you but an *it*, a thing unto itself and not just the dark side of human emotion.

You cannot choose for or against this disease. It chooses you, just as does epilepsy, cancer, or heart disease. It turns you into a stereotyped copy of every other person afflicted with it. You are not in charge of it, you are not to blame for it, and you can do little about it except to seek the help that may enable you to escape its clutches.

Styron and Jamison understand this. By contrast, Solomon seems in thrall to an earlier, quite romantic, and quite literary notion of mental illness. Although he stipulates that his first attack seems to have come out of nowhere, he also clearly regards it as emerging from deep within his psyche, as reflecting some intimate flaw that he has yet to work through. He is enamored of himself for *having* this flaw, and he is enamored of himself in the end for having worked through it. Along the way, he is even a little enamored of his behavior in the course of suffering it.

In one scene of this book, Solomon describes, and excuses, a vicious assault on one of his homosexual partners in which he broke the man's nose and jaw and sent him to the hospital in need of blood transfusions. Some of the physical sensations he felt as he delivered his bone-crushing blows were, he freely admits, pleasurable. More: even today, "part of me does not rue what happened, because I sincerely believe that [without it] I would have gone irretrievably crazy." And a bit later he adds: "Engaging in violent acts is not a good way to treat depression. It is, however, effective. To deny the inbred curative power of violence would be a terrible mistake."

At least one admiring reviewer of *The Noonday Demon* paused to point out that these statements might appear to justify acts that were, well, criminal. They certainly do that, not to mention that they conjure up images of brownshirt thuggery. But they also happen to flow naturally from Solomon's conception of depression less as an illness than as a stage on which to enact a heroic drama of the self.

So, too, does another picturesque scene in *The Noonday Demon* in which our hero undergoes an African ceremony called "ndeup": an "animist ritual that probably antedates voodoo" and that amounts to a kind of exorcism. On the recommendation of "the mother of a friend of the girlfriend of a friend," Solomon traveled to Senegal to undergo this treatment. There he was taken in hand by a mysterious priestess who supervised the ceremony. While he danced to drums being beaten by members of the local community, Solomon was smeared "on every inch" of his body with blood from a cockerel and a ram. The blood, caking like a scab, attracted thousands of flies. Five women dressed in loose-fitting robes and wearing belts filled with prayers and iconic objects danced about him as he chanted to his bewitching spirits, "Leave me be; give me peace; and let me do the work of my life. I will never forget you." The ceremony ended with a great barbecue of the ram.

Solomon does not say whether the treatment actually helped him, though he does allow that it "jolted the system, which could certainly throw one's brain chemistry into overdrive—a kind of unplugged ECT [electro-convulsive therapy]." It would be hard to argue with *that*.

PLEASE DO not misunderstand me. In depression, just as in any illness, including cardiac disease and cancer, "you" and "it" do exist together. You do not cause or control the disease, but you may make the expression of it stronger or weaker, the treatment of it easier or harder. This is a very important point, and one that cannot be emphasized enough. But what *The Noonday Demon* gives us is a different and in many ways opposite scenario: a lonely existential fight against darkness and despair in which a star is born, whose name is Andrew. Romanticizing the "it," Solomon is obtuse about the "you," to the point of embracing acts of criminal violence as conducive to "sanity."

And this brings me back to Otto Kernberg, and

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to the other revolution in the understanding of mental illness with which I began. Although Andrew Solomon managed not to encounter one, a growing number of psychotherapists these days are less willing to sit by as patients make up their own rules for living or disregard consequences and moral meanings. To the contrary, they tend to insist that patients take note of their own selfish attitudes and behaviors and recognize their role in generating the distress for which they seek treatment. In fact, one of the most difficult clinical problems today is figuring out how to differentiate disorders tied to a "you," where therapeutic guidance and strengthening are essential, from the several "its" that damage mental faculties, are to be apprehended as diseases, and need to be cured and prevented.

The disciplines that surround psychiatry—neuroscience, psychology, pharmacology, and epidemiology—have brightened the prospects of dealing successfully with the particular affective disorder I have been calling depression. At the same time, the "judgmental" turn taken by psychotherapy has helped many a patient escape the trap of narcissism and emotional instability. To anyone who has followed or participated in the frequently destructive wars of the psychiatric profession, it cannot but be heartening that the recent turn to the pragmatic in therapy should be accompanied, and strengthened, by an essentially moral vision of human responsibility. The model celebrated by Andrew Solomon is, one earnestly prays, a throwback.

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Bellow's Gift—A Memoir

Ruth R. Wisse

EVERY SO often my mother used to tell me the story of my birth as it occurred in the Romanian city of Czernowitz in 1936. Her account was short, immutable, and satisfying. Mother had been standing in the bedroom of our apartment at 4 Jarnik Street, watching the landlord, Mr. Vinovic, working in his garden. Suddenly he looked up and, catching sight of her, asked if he might bring her the season's first roses. Yes, thank you, she said, and then lay down and bore me; I was already present when he arrived at the door with his bouquet. *Goldene meydele*, my mother would croon, my golden girl, as sunny as that day in May.

No doubt I should have asked for additional details—such as, who opened the door to let Mr. Vinovic in; was she suddenly overtaken by contractions, or had she planned to give birth at home; and, did roses really bloom so early in Romania? But my mother was a changeable woman, who in later years found fault with me more often than the evidence warranted. If occasionally she was pleased to trot out this nativity story, I was content to luxuriate in its warmth. If Saul Bellow had not agreed to celebrate his 69th birthday in Montreal, I might never have learned how I really came into the world.

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BELLOW HAS been my favorite writer since I discovered him in the fourth issue of a 1954 paperback periodical called *Discovery*. My older brother Ben had shelled out 35 cents for this item, and I had made it my business to read everything Ben brought into the house. The book is on my shelf now, a small, slight volume with a Mondrian grid of rectangles on a bright red cover and the names of the contributors in that lower-case lettering that used to advertise modernism. In this case the advertisement turned out to be bogus. Aside from one aggressively experimental little poem, itself a parody of modernism, the contents could as easily have appeared in *Collier's* or the *New Yorker*.

"The Gonzaga Manuscripts" was the reason I asked Ben if I could keep the book. Although I can appreciate why, given the riches to choose from, it has not made the cut into Bellow's new *Collected Stories*,* I still like it as much as I did back then. In it, a young American, Clarence Feiler, goes to Spain to look for a cache of missing love poems by the (fictitious) Spanish poet Manuel Gonzaga, whom he discovered when he was in graduate school. He has learned that the poems may have been handed over by Gonzaga's literary executor to their addressee—a certain Countess del Camino—not long before she died. Clarence races to their rescue, hoping to bring them to an expectant world:

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> Buttoned to the throat in a long, soft overcoat, dark green, Clarence Feiler got off the Hendaye Express in the Madrid Station. It was late afternoon and it was raining, and the station with its throng and its dim orange lights seemed sunken under darkness and noise. The gaunt horselike Spanish locomotives screamed off their steam and the hurrying passengers struggled in the narrow gates. Porters and touts approached Clarence, obviously a foreigner, by his small blond beard, blue eyes, almost brimless hat, long coat and crepe-soled shoes. But he carried his own bag and had no need of them.

Reading this for the first time, I did not linger over the "gaunt horselike Spanish locomotives" or other verbal flarings. My eye was fixed squarely on the hero, framed by the adjectives soft and green. As soon as we catch sight of this American in the rain, despite his show of independence, we suspect that he is going to get suckered by Europe, or by whatever he imagines Europe to be.

This was fine with me. I hated Europe, and could not wait for the hero to wise up. He reminded me a little of my brother Ben, who was actually dark and heavyset and musical and studying textile engineering but whom I could well imagine debarking in some foreign port, in pursuit of a lost quartet by Béla Bartók. Ben would have led with his soft heart right into someone's iron fist.

Clarence seemed prissier than my brother, with none of Ben's irony, but also immediately familiar, someone about whom I knew more than the author was telling me. I felt sure, for example, that Clarence was a Jew, though probably one who did not want the fact known. I also understood that it was not sound for a young man without a girlfriend of his own to be going after another man's love poems. Tracking Clarence in those unfriendly surroundings, I was apprehensive about him the same way I was apprehensive about Ben, but freer to enjoy the tension.

Naturally, Clarence does not find in Spain what he is looking for. What he finds are people obsessed with America. In his boarding house, an aging Englishwoman blames the United States—that is, him—for poisoning the air with carbon dioxide. When Clarence gets his audience with the executor, the latter goads him with a joke.

> [There] was an American whose Spanish host could not impress him. Everything was larger in America. The skyscrapers were bigger than the palaces. The cars were bigger. The cats were bigger. At last his host placed a lobster between his sheets and when the horrified American saw it his host said, "This is one of our bedbugs. I don't think you can beat that."

As for the lost works of Manuel Gonzaga, the poet's aged and ailing nephew brings Clarence's quest to a dead end. The Countess to whom they were addressed had the poems buried with her when she died, and no copies were made. But the nephew is prepared to give Clarence some "precious papers" that he assumes the American has come looking for: deeds to stock in a Moroccan mine that might some day produce uranium for atom bombs. Clarence erupts. "What have I to do with atom bombs. What do I care about atom bombs! To hell with atom bombs!"

So much for the fate of an American quixotically trying to rescue culture from an ominous Continent. Bellow's comic rendition of a theme by Henry James ends, like the master's, with the American sadder and savvier, and Europe unredeemed.

EVEN MORE than this story's humor and hero, what drew me was the talk in it about art and life. Clarence goes to a black marketeer to exchange dollars for pesetas; two pages later, he is still explaining to the woman why Manuel Gonzaga is a great poet. My own creative-writing teacher was always warning us that ideas do not belong in imaginative fiction, yet here was Bellow suspending his story for a little essay:

> To understand what [Gonzaga] did, you have to think first of modern literature as a sort of grand council considering what mankind should do next, how they should fill their mortal time, what they should feel, what they should see, where they should get their courage, how they should love, how they should be pure or great, and all the rest. This advice of literature has never done much good. But you see God doesn't rule over men as he used to, and for a long time people haven't been able to feel that life was firmly attached at both ends so that they could stand confidently in the middle and trust the place where they were. That kind of faith is missing, and for many years poets have tried to supply a substitute. Like [Shelley's] "the unacknowledged legislators" or [Browning's] "the best is yet to be," or Walt Whitman saying that whoever touched him could be sure he was touching a man. . . . Maybe they assumed too much responsibility. They knew that if by their poems and novels

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> *they* were fixing values, there must be something wrong with the values. One man can't furnish them. Oh, he may if his inspiration is for values, but not if his inspiration is for literature. If you throw the full responsibility for meaning and for the establishment of good and evil on poets, they are doomed to go down. However, the poets reflected what was happening to everyone. As soon as people become free they feel that they are responsible for *everything*, and they feel it's up to them to be in charge. *Everything* is in their minds, their eyes, and their bellies. Gonzaga is free from this form of despair, and that's why he absorbs me.

If there was irony in this earnestness, it flew right by me: I had never read a passage that so surprisingly explained why *I* was studying literature—and explained it as if shooting the breeze. There *had* to be a grand council considering what mankind should do next, and if not writers, then who? On the holidays when my father, Ben, and I attended synagogue (our younger siblings usually stayed home with mother), we spent the walk home and most of lunch making fun of the rabbi's intellectual disarray. Rabbi B. would start us off with a sentence from that morning's Torah reading, then veer into an irrelevant commentary, and after a couple of tortured turns and anecdotal byways pull up at some profundity, like "Become your better self" or "Look to the Rock whence you came." He didn't even *try* to attach us to God.

Unfortunately, as I was learning at school, Nietzsche was not a fit guide, either. Much as I thrilled to some of Zarathustra's precepts, I couldn't mistake the rantings of that lunatic for a guide to the perplexed. The more genius, the less judgment. The life and works of Percy Bysshe Shelley, courtesy of my course in British Romanticism, likewise failed to induce any confidence in the potential of poets as "the unacknowledged legislators of the world." There was always D.H. Lawrence and his religion of sex, but the gamekeeper Mellors preaching to Lady Chatterly with a "fuck fuck" here and a "fuck fuck" there made me want to spend the rest of my life nursing her impotent husband.

So I could perfectly appreciate this Manuel Gonzaga as conceived by Saul Bellow. Though a genius, he spoke only as a human being: "A poem may outlive its subject—say, my poem about the girl who sang songs on the train—but the poet has no right to expect this. The poem has no greater privilege than the girl." I took this to mean that though we seek inspiration from poets, they are valuable to the degree that they value our human lives. Here's the thing: I found in Bellow what I had been looking for. The bourgeois writer had descended from the mountain to show our needy human cluster how to live, and I liked his missive because it made sense.

By the time I met Saul Bellow in the late 1960's, his 1964 best-seller, *Herzog*, had made him famous, and I was writing a chapter on it for my dissertation. Though I had not chosen my topic—the schlemiel as modern hero—because of *Herzog*, the novel made me confident that I had a thesis. For this I was grateful, because my academic situation was complicated.

Two years after I married, I had left Montreal to begin graduate studies at Columbia with the intention of specializing in Yiddish literature within the university's doctoral program in English and comparative literature. I intended to complete my formal studies in the shortest possible time, and then return to Montreal to prepare for exams and write my thesis. But when, having finished my Columbia coursework, I met with the head of doctoral studies to schedule my comprehensive exams—I had split my credits evenly between English and European literature on the one hand and Yiddish literature and Jewish history on the other—he insisted that I take two major examinations in English, only a minor examination in Yiddish, and an additional minor in the Renaissance, his own area of expertise.

In all my time at Columbia, this Professor N. was the first in the English department to show an interest in my studies—alas, a keenly negative one. I was baffled by his hostility, but less than a half-hour into our unpleasant meeting I realized that he would never yield. When I later asked the department to let me explain my case, it refused to hear an appeal.

I could not stay on in New York, studying for exams so far removed from my chief area of interest. After almost two years of a commuter marriage, it was time to settle down and begin raising a family. My Yiddish adviser, Uriel Weinreich, had already discussed with me a dissertation topic—Yiddish humor after Sholem Aleichem—and the presence in Montreal of a well-stocked Jewish library made us both confident that I could work from home. N.'s ruling killed this plan. Why was he penalizing me for studying Jewish literature? Did he perceive me as a barbarian at the gates of the citadel of culture? It never occurred to me that he might be Jewish. When I learned that he was, I marveled at my innocence.

To complete the irony, I would probably have

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done well to accept the bad deal he offered me. After a few years, with our first child Billy already a toddler, and Jacob on the way, I had to begin my studies all over again in the department of English at McGill, whose newly inaugurated doctoral program required *five* written comprehensive exams and coursework in Old English, Middle English, Elizabethan and Restoration drama, and literature of the 17th, 18th, and 19th centuries. The only concession I wrung from my professors was to let me write my dissertation under the joint supervision of Louis Dudek at McGill and Uriel Weinreich at Columbia, an arrangement to which Weinreich had generously agreed. By the time I was ready to take him up on his offer, however, he had been diagnosed with cancer. His early death was a terrible blow to the field of Yiddish, and almost spelled the end of my career.

I had never considered myself tenacious, but during these years I thought more than once of how long the biblical Jacob had toiled for Leah before he could acquire his beloved Rachel. I was pursuing a doctorate in English literature so that I would have the formal credentials to persuade some department to let me teach Yiddish instead. Even to write a dissertation having anything to do with Yiddish, I had to find a topic acceptable to the McGill English department and to do the work almost entirely on my own, since Dudek was not familiar with most of the material I would be covering.

In fact, the afternoon I came in to discuss my topic with him, Dudek tried to persuade me to specialize in *his* field. Pointing to a small section of his library, he said, "All you have to do is read this shelf and you'll be a specialist in Canadian literature." I wasn't fooled by this self-deprecation. Louis was one of Canada's most prolific poets and a tireless promoter of other Canadian writing. This was his wry way of encouraging me to join him in the academic field that he had pioneered.

But I had my own pioneering to do. I set out for him my proposal for a thesis that would trace the comic figure of the schlemiel from a Yiddish story by Rabbi Nahman of Bratslav at the beginning of the 19th century to the works of contemporary North American Jewish writers. I intended to study the techniques of inversion by means of which a fool, a cuckold, or some other kind of misfit is reinterpreted as moral victor or ironic hero, and the way that this reversal is used to different ends by Jewish fiction writers in the two languages of Yiddish and English.

To convince Louis that my scheme was viable and that he was up to the task of supervising it, I emphasized the centrality of Bellow's *Herzog*, the one book on my list he was sure to have read. That Montreal, Saul Bellow's native city, and Yiddish, Saul Bellow's native language, figured prominently in *Herzog* helped me make the case for the cultural connection I was propounding, and that Bellow had also translated one of the other key works—Isaac Bashevis Singer's story, "Gimpel the Fool"—proved that the link between the languages was substantial.

In sum, without Saul Bellow I would have had no thesis. And thanks to his unwitting assistance, my indentured servitude paid off. Once I was writing my thesis and began teaching English at McGill, I was able to persuade my department to let me introduce courses in Yiddish literature, which eventually became part of a program and, later, a department of Jewish studies. To prepare for my first classes in Yiddish, I went to the Coach House—the trendiest department in the city's largest department store—and bought myself the best clothes I have ever owned, intending to give Yiddish the chic of affluence it seldom enjoyed in the works we would study. One of those outfits I was wearing the first time I met Saul Bellow at a reception tendered him by the Jewish Public Library. It took place on November 9, 1968.

I REMEMBER this event with special clarity because the photographer—a Mr. Breitman of Federal Photos—later sent me a picture of the occasion. Breitman was the photographer of choice for all Jewish institutional events, and he knew me from the time right after college when I had worked as press officer of the Canadian Jewish Congress. He must have remembered me fondly enough to know I would have wanted this snapshot. In it, I am seated beside Bellow on a hard couch as he, looking very smart in dark suit and tie, balances a half-filled coffee cup on his knees. He is being interviewed by a reporter whose hand, pen, and paper are visible at the bottom right of the photo, while at the top right looms the shoulder of someone standing in front of them. I am leaning over, intent on the interview, eager to know what Bellow thinks.

The unidentified man standing with his back to the camera was in fact about to interrupt, and to say that his grandfather had been a neighbor of the Bellow family when they lived on St. Dominique Street.

This interruption annoyed me quite as much as if I had been the one conducting the interview. But Bellow's sudden animation betrayed how bored he had been a moment earlier. "Who was your grandfather?" he wanted to know. When given the name,

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he began supplying a cascade of details: the exact location and appearance of the house the grandfather lived in, the elder's cane, his walk, his attire. "You remember him much better than I do," said the interrupter with ungrudging admiration, at which Bellow came up with another couple of items.

His memories were etched with the same precision as Herzog's in the novel: "Elias with his earnest Americanized clean-shaven face ate hard-boiled eggs and drank prohibition beer—home-brewed Polish piva. He gave the eggs a neat rap on the rail of the porch and peeled them scrupulously." "Like a tragic actor of the Yiddish stage, with a straight drunken nose and a bowler pressing on the veins of his forehead, Ravitch, in an apron, worked at the fruit store near Rachel Street in 1922. There at the market in zero weather he was sweeping a mixed powder of sawdust and snow. . . ." I had always assumed that fiction involved the faculty of invention, not the faculty of retention, yet here was Bellow, so much happier talking about his childhood than answering a reporter's questions about trends in modern writing. Herzog might not fully correspond to his creator Saul Bellow, but could he have emerged as credibly had that Montreal boy not been blessed with a remarkable memory?

Listening to Bellow reminisce, I felt contradictory things. Deprived, because I remember almost nothing from before my arrival in Canada at the age of almost four and a half, and so little about the next few years that my father once suggested hypnotism as a way of unlocking my past. My so-called recollections were the few stories my mother told *about* me, from which it was impossible to sift my actual memories. Maybe I had begun studying Yiddish literature to substitute a collective for a personal past?

Yet if Bellow liked to shmooze about grandfathers, was he not also in some sense corroborating my decision to stay "at home" in Jewish culture? Until then, the only part of Bellow's life that had held a real interest for me was his involvement with the New York intellectuals, that extraordinary band of brash and brilliant writers whom I had been born too late and too far away to join. I had hoped somehow to enter their arguments on literature and politics, and was eavesdropping on Bellow's interview the way I once watched my classmates skipping rope, waiting to see how one jumped in. Now it seemed that when Bellow had gone forth to become a great American writer, he had left something precious behind—the very city that I still inhabited, the language and literature that I was studying. I didn't have to hunt down Gonzaga manuscripts to find the moral balance that Clarence Feiler was looking for: much of Yiddish literature was modestly humanistic in just the way that Feiler admires.

In interviews, Bellow used to make a point of saying that he wrote *American* literature, with no hyphens attached. By this I understood him to mean that Jewish Chicago (or Montreal) was no more exotic than Protestant Mississippi, and that it was wrong—provincial—to isolate Jewish authors when every American writer came from somewhere else. Oddly enough, though, Bellow's success as an American writer opened for someone like me the opposite prospect of exploring the treasures of Yiddish literature, relatively neglected by him and much more so by his contemporaries. If he was right about his status as an unexceptional American writer, then Jews were as culturally secure in America as anyone else. We could now shore up our languages, and return to some of our own texts, if for no better reason than to provide our writers with something to keep leaving behind.

But there *was* a better reason, and it had occurred to me while reading the garden scene in *Herzog*, where our hero loses his temper with the herring-devouring Professor Shapiro. Herzog does not share the enthusiasm of Shapiro, his childhood playmate, for the high-brow culture of his time:

> [We] mustn't forget how quickly the visions of genius become the canned goods of the intellectuals. The canned sauerkraut of Spengler's "Prussian Socialism," the commonplaces of the Wasteland outlook, the cheap mental stimulants of Alienation, the cant and rant of pipsqueaks about Inauthenticity and Forlornness. I can't accept this foolish dreariness. We are talking about the whole life of mankind. The subject is too great, too deep for such weakness, cowardice—too deep, too great, Shapiro. It torments me to insanity that you should be so misled. A merely aesthetic critique of modern history! After the wars and mass killings! You are too intelligent for this. You inherited rich blood. Your father peddled apples.

What really angers Moses Herzog is his own susceptibility to an intellectualism gone awry. A similar concern had made me want to introduce Yiddish culture into the university, hoping to puncture its pretensions with the sharp edge of Yiddish wit. But I was not altogether satisfied with Herzog's formulation. It was not the peddling of apples

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that had given Jews their rich blood; rather, their way of life lent dignity to apple-peddling. Jewish self-discipline derived from obedience to the halakhic laws, not from the material poverty amid which those laws were often upheld. The rabbis distinguished through behavior and habit between what is permitted and what is forbidden, supporting human potential while curbing false expectations.

Bellow seemed to know this better than I. As Herzog beds down with yet another female, he thinks, is this really possible? "Have all the traditions, passions, renunciations, virtues, gems, and masterpieces of Hebrew discipline and all the rest of it—rhetoric, a lot of it, but containing true facts—brought me to these untidy green sheets, and this rippled mattress?" The author of *Herzog* was himself raised on daily prayers and kosher meals. In becoming a writer, he may have hoped that literature rather than religious law could hold the moral center, but if so he was drawing on the inheritance of obligated Jews who learned from the Torah how to become a decent folk. If his Herzog was any example, merely inherited values did not translate into reliable behavior. In America, the supply lines were becoming overextended; the qualms over lost "Hebrew discipline" themselves got lost between the green sheets. Worse, Judaism without Torah would produce more Shapiros than Moses Herzogs.

Some of these scruples I included in the final pages of my dissertation about the schlemiel as modern hero. Still, on the whole, its outlook was as sunny as that day I was born. "If I am out of my mind, it's all right with me," says Herzog at the opening of his book, and at the finish, he is "pretty well satisfied to be just as it is willed." Sitting there in 1968 beside Saul Bellow as a budding professor of Yiddish literature, in an outfit that made it clear I didn't peddle apples, I, too, felt pretty well satisfied to be just as it is willed. The photograph shows us as two immigrant children at the crest of Jewish fortunes, enjoying greater security than modern Jews have ever known.

ACTUALLY, OUR security was already no longer as great as it might have been a year earlier. In the spring of 1967, the Egyptians had blockaded the Straits of Tiran and expelled the United Nations "peacekeeping" troops from the Sinai peninsula—just as Montreal was readying its international Expo in the expectation of attracting six million visitors. All around me the city bustled in preparations for a happy gathering of the family of nations while the Jews of Israel confronted yet another destruction. Although the Six-Day war in early June brought temporary relief, it was followed immediately by the Arab war of attrition and by a liberal assault on Israeli "triumphalism" that has increased from that day to this. Israel was held responsible for the aggression against it, and the Jews were blamed for winning the war that had been launched to wipe them out.

I could not have known at the time of our meeting that Bellow was writing *Mr. Sammler's Planet* (1969), unleashing the anxieties of that war. On the face of it, the novel has little to do with Israel. Artur Sammler's main adventures over the course of two days involve his dying nephew, his wayward daughter, a black pickpocket, and an assortment of New York youths. The setting is American, and so are the social pathologies. But for the first time, in that novel, Bellow attended to Jewish history, endowing the seventy-year-old Sammler with national gravity by imagining him as a survivor of Hitler's war against the Jews.

"Like many people who had seen the world collapse once, Mr. Sammler entertained the possibility it might collapse twice. He did not agree with refugee friends that this doom was inevitable, but liberal beliefs did not seem capable of self-defense, and you could smell decay." Hence, Sammler tries to remind the children of the 60's of their duties. He reports the pickpocket to the police. He lectures students on the failings of earlier utopian experiments. He tries to persuade a sensualist to tame her extreme appetites. He teaches his daughter not to steal. And when war erupts in Israel in June 1967, he reclaims his credentials as a journalist to go cover it—just as Bellow in real life had done for *Newsweek*.

At this point, neither Bellow nor his elderly fictional character seems to know what exactly an American Jew can do for Israel, but they put body and pen into the line of fire. What Bellow did know was that, along with many of his clever contemporaries, he had once ignored the Nazi threat against the Jews in Europe. He and his friends had been working so hard to root themselves in America, they had no interest to spare for their brethren overseas. He was not about to let it happen again, and his exertions eventually far exceeded those of his character Artur Sammler.

In 1976, the year after the UN passed its resolution defining Zionism as racism, Bellow published *To Jerusalem and Back*, a personal, non-fiction account of an extended visit to Israel that also confronts the arguments of its enemies. Here is a sam-

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ple of Bellow on Jean-Paul Sartre, the mastermind of French philosophy, explaining that you cannot invite both Israelis and Arabs to the same conference "because the Arabs don't want it":

> I sometimes wonder why it is impossible for Western intellectuals (and especially the French, who enjoy such prestige in Syria, Lebanon, and Egypt and who have relations with the Arab Left in these countries) to say to the Arabs, "We have to demand also more from you. You too—the Marxists among you in particular—must try to do something for brotherhood and make peace with the Jews, for they have suffered monstrously, in Christian Europe and under Islam. Israel occupies about one-sixth of one percent of the lands you call Arab. Isn't it possible to adjust the traditions of Islam—to reinterpret, to change emphasis, so as to accept this trifling occupancy? A great civilization should be capable of humane and generous flexibility. The destruction of Israel will do you no good. Let the Jews live, in their small state." But it must be culturally disrespectful to ask people to change their attitudes, even slightly. In any case, Sartre has not said such things. He has had revolution—glorious, ineffable revolution—to think of. An explosion of a hundred million Arabs can tear a huge hole in the rotting bourgeois structure. After an ecstatic time of murder will come peace and justice. The *fellahin*, their manhood recovered, will learn to read and be citizens, et cetera. "It is shameful not to invite the representatives of the Israeli Left but if we invite them—let us not be hypocritical—that means not inviting Arabs," said Sartre.

By imagining Sartre as a decent thinker, Bellow demolishes both targets at once—the immoralist philosopher and the intransigent Arabs. Throughout this subtle book, Bellow insists that he is "simply an interested amateur—a learner," yet few defenders of Israel have ever done as good a job. Fighters fight and writers write, each fulfilling the terms of his contract, to use a phrase of Mr. Sammler's. In its bid for public opinion, I thought Bellow's book a knockout, and the view I thus came to hold of him as a champion of the Jews may explain my passing frustration with him some years later.

One day in the spring of 1985 I received an invitation to a ceremony in the Montreal suburb of Lachine, which was naming its municipal library for Saul Bellow. Gossip had it that Mayor Guy Descary had discovered Lachine on a roster of Nobel Prize laureates and realized that he could conscript this native celebrity into promotion of his community and himself. The occasion was sure to be widely covered by both the English and French local press; the mayor would benefit from the accruing publicity, and his name would go up with Bellow's on the cornerstone plaque.

But what difference did any of that make? The city of Montreal remains so split into separate ethnic sectors that there is a lot of excitement when any event brings its communities together. Bellow, who had been appointed Commander of the French Legion of Honor, was almost as comfortable in French as in Yiddish. An ideal Montrealer, he demonstrated the mayor's contention that "Saul Bellow never forgot his roots."

Only one qualm intruded on my childlike anticipation of this weekend. For the first time, I was disturbed by something that Bellow had done, and debated with myself whether to speak my mind to him, knowing that if I did, I might never become his friend, but that if I did not, I would feel like a coward and dissembler. My state of mind reflected how the world seemed altered since our encounter seventeen years earlier.

The matter concerned the Committee for the Free World—an organization founded in 1980 by Midge Decter to "conduct a battle of ideas in defense of Western values and institutions" by taking public positions against Soviet influence and for American victory in the cold war. You might say (though Bellow would not have said it) that the Committee tried to fight overtly, on the political-cultural front, the battle that he had waged through Artur Sammler.

Midge felt that material and economic threats to America (Soviet missiles, OPEC cartels, international terrorism, etc.) were not as dangerous as the influence of certain false ideas—namely, "that the political systems of the societies in which we live are founded on the oppression of their own peoples; that the freedom they claim to offer is a sham; that their prosperity depends on the exploitation and plunder of the 'third world.'" The Committee's monthly bulletin, *Contentions*, drew a bead on the tenured and ensconced members of the elites who promulgated these false ideas. (It so galvanized my energy that I began writing a column on politics and culture for the Montreal *Gazette* and the *Canadian Jewish News*.) Bellow was a charter member of the Committee's board, which also included Raymond Aron, William Barrett, Paul Johnson, Leszek Kolakowski, Tom Stoppard, and George Will.

Or at least, Bellow had been a member until a

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few months earlier: his resignation was the point at issue. Since I was not part of the Committee's inner circle, I did not know exactly the how or why of it, except that it related to an issue of *Contentions* devoted to "re-reviewing" certain prize-winning books. The Committee cared about whom the Pulitzer judges and the National Book Critics Circle chose to honor, because the prizes exemplified the tastes and predilections of those who handed them out. So *Contentions* published its own reviews of the winning books, highlighting their political biases and literary flaws.

Among those re-reviewed were works by Gore Vidal and Stanley Elkin, whom Bellow considered his literary colleagues. I therefore assumed at the time that, if Bellow had quit the Committee over this issue, he must have been embarrassed to see them skewered in a publication with which they knew he was associated. Or maybe he knew that the political considerations governing such prizes could tip more sharply against *him* the next time around. Today I no longer have to speculate about his motives. The letter of resignation, quoted in James Atlas's recent biography, *Bellow* (which is less than trustworthy in other respects), leaves no doubt about his reasoning or his displeasure.

Conceding that conflicts are bound to arise among people who are trying to make common cause, he writes that these cannot be permitted to extend to his professional world, the world of fiction:

> [Where] there are politics there are bedfellows, and where there are bedfellows there are likely to be fleas, so I scratched my bites in silence. Your Special Issue, however, is different. I can't allow the editors of *Contentions* to speak in my name, or with my tacit consent as board-member, about writers and literature. When there are enemies to be made I prefer to make them myself, on my own grounds and in my own language. *Le mauvais gout mène aux crimes* [bad taste leads to crimes], said Stendhal, who was right of course but who didn't realize how many criminals history was about to turn loose.

Though at this time I was ignorant of this letter, I was nonetheless right to sense that Saul must have favored his literary over his political priorities. But I was disappointed that he should have put friendship or any other consideration ahead of a unified battle of ideas. Of course, I appreciated the independence of art from political affiliations, and I also favored agnosticism in scholarship and formal neutrality in the classroom. But just as a teacher was free to campaign outside the classroom for a party he should not be representing within it, the artist was free to express partisanship in the public arena more openly than he might wish to do in his art. What strikes me now—in the language of the letter—is its apprehension that we were, indeed, at war, and with "criminals."

In any event, since it pained me that Bellow should have slighted the Committee, I slipped him a note during the festivities in Lachine to say that I was sorry he had left the board, without blaming him for having done so. He suggested that we take up the conversation at dinner the following night. He would be staying on for a day to see members of his family; perhaps my husband Len and I might join him, with Louis Dudek, whom he had met on previous visits to the city.

I could hardly imagine anything more exciting than the prospect of an evening with my husband, my teacher, and my beloved writer. I chose a little Greek-Armenian restaurant on Mountain Street that was almost empty on a Monday evening, where we could sit undisturbed and take respite from the heavy-duty weekend. At dinner, uncharacteristically, I listened more than I talked. With a series of comic spins on the theme, "you ain't seen nothing yet," Saul answered a question by Len about what it felt like to accommodate Mayor Descary's political ambitions, and these two political junkies then traded information about Montreal and Chicago, where Saul, when he wasn't writing, seemed to spend the hours trying to find out what made the city tick. Maybe the talk about local politics was Saul's indirect response to my complaint. Unlike those intellectuals who directed from the rear, he was a foot soldier in politics.

IF I didn't resolve my differences with Saul that evening (conversation never did get around to the Committee), I learned something about my differences with Louis Dudek. Louis, who wasn't into municipal gossip, announced with the air of someone sharing a discovery that he had figured out how Saul came to surpass so many other writers and poets of his generation. It had to do with the confident way he drew from his upbringing, as reflected in his reminiscences just yesterday about his childhood in Lachine. Saul, Louis said, was not uprooted, or alienated, like so many of his contemporaries, but grounded in his native culture like Dostoevsky or Henry James.

No great revelation, this: I had written as much in my dissertation. But as Louis spoke, I realized that he was not talking about Bellow. Though he, too, had grown up in Montreal, in an immigrant

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family, an immigrant neighborhood, and an immigrant language, in becoming a writer he had done everything to obscure his Polish-Catholic roots. Instead of drawing from his native culture the way Bellow mined his Yiddish and his Jewishness, Louis in his poetry modeled himself on Ezra Pound of the *Cantos*, a crazy-quilt of ideograms and foreign echoes. At McGill, his two-year course on Great Writings of European Literature, which I had taken when I was an undergraduate, included some 40 European novelists, poets, and playwrights. We read Manzoni and Gide and Hamsun and Rilke, but not Mickiewicz or Sienkiewicz or Slonimski or Milocz.

We also read Franz Kafka's *The Castle* without being told that its author was Jewish, and Louis Ferdinand Céline without any discussion of his anti-Semitism. I once asked Louis why he hadn't mentioned the disturbing connection between Nietzsche and the Nazis; in response, he asked if I would hold Jesus responsible for the Spanish and Portuguese Inquisitions. I thought he was avoiding the Jewish question, but it never occurred to me to wonder about *his* background—which was undoubtedly his intention. How strange! Had I been a Polish Catholic and come to Louis with a proposal for a thesis on the image of national uprising in Polish literature, he might have treated me just as Professor N. did at Columbia. It was my good luck to have come up against this lapsed Polish Catholic, who considered me cosmopolitan because I was not of his tribe.

But the greater revelation had come earlier during that weekend, and from another direction entirely. At a party in Saul's honor on Saturday night, we enjoyed a combination of homespun comfort and lavish fare. Tables were set out in our hostess's garden, where guests were served and could serve themselves. Seated together, Saul and I had taken to speaking Yiddish. I got up more than once to bring sweets and fruit to the table, and he said, playing on my name, "*Zi heyst rut nor zi rut nisht*," her name is Ruth but she doesn't rest. (The Talmud says, "Who is a hero? He who resists his evil urge"—meaning, according to some, his sexual urge. Yiddish speakers add, "he who resists his urge to pun," thereby identifying a besetting temptation of *their* civilization.)

Since I was hardly the only person who wanted to speak with Bellow, I found myself talking also with his then-wife Alexandra, a Romanian-born mathematician of whom I knew mostly what I had read in his most recent book, *The Dean's December* (1982). This novel describes a visit by an American couple to the wife's ailing mother in Romania, and though I dared not assume that Alexandra and the fictional wife were one and the same, I felt safe talking to her about her native land, which happened also to be mine. When I asked whether she had ever visited Czernowitz, she said that she knew the city well, thanks to the presence there of her parents' closest friends.

These friends were a couple of eminent physicians, he a Ukrainian, she a Jew. Terrible things had befallen them under the Nazi occupation. The woman and their son had managed to escape, but the husband, who had refused to divorce her, died in prison. After the war, the woman and her son settled in Israel, where she still practiced medicine, well into her eighties. Alexandra said that she frequently visited this surrogate mother, and it occurred to me that the trip described in *To Jerusalem and Back* must have included one such visit.

Alexandra then asked whether my parents might have known this couple, since Rosa Zalojecki was a noted obstetrician and gynecologist. The implication was that, as a Jewish woman, Rosa would have attracted Jewish patients, but I was certain that Alexandra, who was not Jewish, had drawn the wrong inference from the facts. What little I knew of my parents' eight years in Czernowitz involved a small circle of Jewish professionals around the Zionist social club Masada. There was Dr. Engler, Dr. Scharfstein, and my pediatrician Dr. Wiesenthal, but the name Zalojecki I had never heard. In all her copious reminiscences, mother had mentioned one non-Jewish friend, a woman married to one of father's colleagues; and her nervous memory of this woman—with her dog!—suggested that she did not readily accept mixed marriages. I told Alexandra that my father was no longer alive, but that I would ask my mother whether she knew the Zalojeckis. She wrote down their name for me on the back of one of her cards.

My relations with mother were then so strained that I had adopted a policy of "name, rank, and serial number"—that is, of never giving out unnecessary information that could, and almost certainly would, be used against me. But here was a windfall: a question of fact, and from a stranger. The next day, I told mother I had met a Romanian who wanted to know whether she had known the Zalojeckis in Czernowitz.

"Of course," said mother, "Rosa Samet."

"*Zalojecki*," I said, "She was an obstetrician and gynecologist."

"Zalojecki was her married name. She was mar-

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ried to a Ukrainian—also a doctor—but her maiden name was Samet, and she came from Poland. Of course I knew her. She gave you your name."

My heart began to pound. "How did she give me my name?"

"When you were born," mother continued, as though reporting on yesterday's snowfall, "you came out so suddenly that I began to hemorrhage, and the midwife was afraid that I was done for (*di okusherke hot gemeynt az ikh bin shoyn nokh alemen*), so she called Rosa Samet and told her it was an emergency. She came right over, and stopped the bleeding."

"The hemorrhage?"

"She stopped the bleeding, but she was afraid that it might start again, so she sat with me for an hour, maybe longer. The midwife washed you and put you beside me. Rosa and I talked for a while, and she asked me what I intended to name you. I told her Tamara. It was a name I had chosen many, many years earlier. When your sister Odele was born I had to name her for father's mother, who died just before. So you see what happened. Our Odele died as well. My golden little girl expired like a candle. This time I wasn't going to name you for any dead person, so I chose for you my favorite name.

"But Samet didn't approve of my choice. She said, 'Don't do it. *Tut es nisht. Itst iz nisht di sho far a yidishn nomen.* Now is not the time for a Jewish name.' She said she had a lot of trouble because her name was Rosa, and she told me to call you Rut, a good Rumanian name. I took her advice and told father to register you as Rut."

SO THERE you had it. I was born not on a bed of roses but in a sea of blood, and the unease of Central Europe determined even my name! I was not to be called after a deceased relative because my parents had done this once before and their little girl—the original golden girl of whom I was just a copy—had died at age two of pneumonia or diphtheria. And I was not to be given a Jewish name because everyone was poised for flight, and it wouldn't do to attract any more attention.

I had never really warmed to my single given name, thinking always of the woman in the Bible who seemed least like me in temperament. *I* would never have voluntarily followed even my own mother, let alone anyone else's. But I ought to have realized that in ordinary circumstances my parents would not have called their child Ruth, a name frequently given to converts to Judaism. They gave me a name that to their ears sounded like Be Safe, Be Strong, Stay Alive, and then they hired a German-speaking governess to raise me: I didn't speak the language of my parents and older brother until we fled to Canada in the summer of 1940. Even nature, as if to make up for the little girl it had stolen, obliged them: I was blond all the time we lived in and crossed Europe, turning dark only after we reached Montreal.

Mother's revelation startled but did not surprise me. This second account of my birth was so much more fitting, it made me wonder how I could have ever trusted the first. I had always sensed how much I must have wanted to forget those childhood years. My older brother, who recalled far too much, eventually went under from the burden, somewhat like the protagonist of *Humboldt's Gift* (1975), my favorite of Bellow's novels. Ben kept hearing the reverberation of Hitler's ranting on the radio when he was a child, and the panicked whisperings in the house when his sister Odele fell sick and died. In Canada he tried to drown out the sounds of his past by making music, but they overtook him, like a stubborn tide. My own not-remembering may have protected me from such a fate while at the same time bracing me to deal with reality, which is the only condition I *can* remember. The same was true of my father, a chemist by profession, who planned our escape from Romania, urging others to do the same. Not so, mother. Of course, I now thought, of course she would have tried to distort reality, to fool herself or to fool me. But then, finally, ready or not, out rushed the truth.

This revised story canceled the foolish fable of the flowers. Mine was a terrible birth in a terrible time. Germany had just promulgated the Nuremberg laws, depriving Jews of the protection of the state, and the state of the protection of law. Stalin had unleashed the Great Terror, which included a special assault on Jewish distinctiveness and from which only World War II would grant a reprieve. Along with all the other fascist parties of Europe, Romania's Iron Guard, proclaiming Christian *and* racial reform, was steadily gaining popular support. My father very often spoke of Ana Pauker (née Rabinsohn), the Jewish Stalinist who was arrested in 1935 on the legitimate grounds that she had conspired to overthrow the Romanian government but whose incarceration and trial were used by anti-Semites as proof of Jewish, rather than Communist, treachery.

Pauker exemplified the dilemma of Jews like us, trapped between the Left and Right, denied our national legitimacy by those who purported to be protecting us from fascism. It came to me, all at once, how frightened my parents must have been by the added responsibility of another child. Two

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years later, when my mother learned that she was pregnant once again, her doctor insisted on an abortion right then and there, on the grounds that a new baby would doom the family, while a timely abortion would help it to survive. I was born when it was no time to be born.

But Saul's celebration that weekend was a joyous event. In the midst of brooding over my newfound knowledge, I recalled another exchange from *Herzog*, this one between a lawyer who declares that "Facts are nasty" and his client Herzog, who qualifies this Hobbesian judgment: "You think they're true because they're nasty." Like Artur Sammler discounting the opinion of his refugee friends that doom is inevitable, Herzog denies that truth *must* be negative. This insistence that realism acknowledge joy and sweetness is the most Jewish part of their common heritage. Surely, no less could be said of my life. The hemorrhage wasn't necessarily any truer than Mr. Vinovic's bouquet. Mother saw no contradiction between the two stories because she experienced each of them exactly as she told them. Her delight in her second golden girl was as fierce as in the first. Why then displace rapture with gloom? Why not credit her original version along with its supplement? And really, how many others in my cohort—Jewish, Central European, 1936—were born with so bright a fate as mine?

In the years that followed, I have tried to see Saul whenever and wherever I can. I was in Israel during a Bellow conference in Haifa, and drove up from Jerusalem one morning to pay my respects. In his recent memoir, *Experience*, the British writer Martin Amis recalls that conference as the time he met, in Saul, his literary father; I remember it as the time I met the woman Saul was with, Janis Freedman. A few years later, I visited the two of them in Chicago, and got a tour of some of Saul's old haunts. He pointed out the place where Irving Kristol and Bea (Gertrude) Himmelfarb had lived in their graduate-student days, and talked about his friend Isaac Rosenfeld, one of my favorites among his subjects. We spoke with admiration of Lucy Dawidowicz, and of her Holocaust history, *The War Against the Jews*. As friendship turned familial, Len and I visited the Bellows in Vermont, and I liked it even better when they came to our house in Montreal. They seemed particularly buoyed when our daughter Abby would take the floor and speak out for Israel with a passion informed by the four years she lived in that country.

Now, in Boston, we and the Bellows have landed in the same harbor, which makes the city feel marginally more like home. With Saul and Janis and their little daughter Rosie, Len and I and our visiting children are privileged to spend many Sabbaths and holidays. I betray no confidences, and I hope occasion no surprises, when I say that much of our conversation turns on Israel's safety. We hover over the young nation from a distance the way our mothers lovingly fretted over us, and we try to take responsibility for our fellow Jews as our fathers taught us to take responsibility for one another. No one has yet been able, alas, to secure the Jewish people, but it is good to be surrounded by those who will die trying.

"For that is the truth of it," reflects Mr. Sammler—that each man, in his innermost heart, knows the terms of his contract: "that we all know, God, that we know, we know, we know."

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OBSERVATIONS

Teachers, Terrorists, and Tolerance

Chester E. Finn, Jr.

TWO PERSONAL anecdotes from the immediate aftermath of September 11:

Lunching with an old acquaintance who now occupies a position of leadership in higher education, I mentioned my concern that the curricular guidance being offered to teachers was long on pluralism and short on patriotism. "I don't disagree with your point," he commented. "But do you have to use the word 'patriotism'? It makes many of us very uncomfortable."

Not long afterward, dining with two teenage relatives, I asked whether their elite private high school was doing anything different since the September mass murders. "Like what?," they wondered. "Like," I replied, presenting the simplest examples I could think of, "pledging allegiance to the flag or singing 'The Star Spangled Banner' or 'God Bless America.'" "That wouldn't work at our school," my young relations explained. "Nobody knows the words."

WE ARE no longer surprised at intellectuals and college professors who look askance at any manifestation of love of country. To many of them, after all, patriotism has long connoted McCarthyism, jingoism, American imperialism, excessive spending on defense (and not enough on education), Ronald Reagan, and mindless flag-waving by tattooed workers lacking university degrees. On hearing the very word patriotism, they are more apt to recall Dr. Johnson (the "last refuge of a scoundrel") than Lincoln eulogizing Henry Clay as one who "loved his country partly because it was his own country, but mostly because it was a free country."

But if such attitudes are familiar, even expected, on university campuses, what many Americans still fail to grasp is the degree to which these same attitudes have come to permeate the instruction received by our children in their schools, public and private alike. On reflection, however, that too should not come as a surprise. For it is from their university experiences that future teachers learn what to value and what not to value in education and in life. If patriotism is scorned in the college classroom, we must not deceive ourselves into thinking it will long be nurtured in the fifth grade.

As with physical muscles, unexercised cultural and spiritual muscles tend to wither away. With unfamiliarity and disuse come atrophy and, in time, incomprehension. Ground rules fade from memory, institutions become organized around other assumptions. In the case of September 11, those other assumptions, forged during the Vietnam conflict and then tempered by the postmodern doctrines of multiculturalism and diversity, have overwhelmingly shaped the pedagogical and curricular guidance for elementary- and secondary-school teachers that has poured forth from education organizations, state and federal agencies, and a plethora of commercial groups.

THIS GUIDANCE has typically taken three forms.

The first is aimed at helping teachers cope with the fears children often develop when they see people sick, hurt, or dying. To this end, for example, New York City schools chancellor Harold Levy encouraged teachers to "reassure students about

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their safety and security" and "listen empathetically and provide opportunities for students to express their feelings." Similarly, the U.S. Department of Education suggested that teachers "take the time to reassure your students that their homes and schools are likely to be safe places," while the National Council for Social Studies asked teachers to "emphasize that it is the responsibility of adults to create safety for children." This, if one can get past the obviousness of it all, and the saccharine tones in which it is typically delivered, is harmless enough and in some cases may well be beneficial.

On a second front, teachers and principals have been given a great deal of advice about how to forestall incidents of bigotry toward Arab-American, Muslim, and other "different" youngsters. Just as President Bush, in his address to Congress, sought to instruct the nation that a terrorist attack by Islamic fundamentalists does not mean all Muslims are terrorists, and subsequently made a point of visiting mosques and engaging in peaceful discourse with Islamic clerics and Arab-American leaders, so educators have been urged (not to say browbeaten) to do their part lest the nation be engulfed in xenophobia.

Thus, New York State education commissioner Richard P. Mills, enjoining the state's public and private schools to "promote tolerance and . . . make students of all races, religions, and national origins feel safe and respected in school," circulated the anti-bias guidelines of the National Association for the Education of Young Children and, for good measure, referred educators wanting more tips to the American-Arab Anti-Discrimination Committee. On a commercial website run by the British publishing conglomerate Pearsons, teachers are assured that "when we clearly communicate our rejection of ethnic slurs, taunts, jokes, and physical abuse, we reinforce and model how to interrupt prejudice and promote respect for all." The federal Education Department created a whole new website, "Suggestions for Educators: Meeting the Needs of Students," that includes advice "to help children understand that most individuals who are from other countries are fine and good people who live in and love the United States as much as they do."

Once again, all this earnest cajolery is harmless enough, if frequently naive—the American-Arab Anti-Discrimination Committee has, at best, a checkered character, and its president recently praised the terrorist group Hezbollah as "the heroic resistance"—and already suggestive of a damaging preoccupation with the sins of America at the expense of focusing on the aggression committed against it. That same preoccupation is still more salient in the third and most substantive genre of post-September 11 guidance. This consists of the actual lessons teachers should teach and children should learn about the attack itself, its causes, and its aftermath. Here is where the tendency I complained about to my friend at lunch moves into high gear.

TO TAKE one example, the Bank Street College of Education—a bastion of "progressive" education thought—has joined with the *New York Times* to develop a set of September 11 lesson plans. This elaborate exercise is linked to academic standards promulgated by federally-supported "education laboratories" and by a collaborative venture of governors and corporate CEO's known as "Achieve, Inc." The first plan ("helping students explore their feelings and the facts about the terrorist attacks") is also "benchmarked" to a set of world-history standards aimed at helping high-school students "understand the search for community, stability, and peace in an interdependent world."

As for the lessons themselves, they range from serious matters like geography and halfway decent considerations of concepts like heroism to a discussion of patriotism in which teachers are urged to emphasize that this sentiment can be both "unifying and excluding." They are also directed to examine, with their students, the proposition that patriotism "has almost always been at odds with itself, . . . erecting strong walls to comfort those on the inside. But outside those exclusive walls, it has a history of denying equal protection under the law and making life seem scary." The exercise, in other words, is designed less to strengthen students' love of country than to uncover the hopelessly problematic if not "scary" nature of any such emotion.

Another example: within a week of September 11, a Boston-based nonprofit group called the Education Development Center (EDC) had rushed into print (and cyberspace) a three-lesson curriculum supplement for middle-school and high-school students called "Beyond Blame: Reacting to the Terrorist Attack." According to the sponsors, it was prompted by concerns "that the terrorist attacks have created a hostile climate for Arab-Americans—much like the climate Japanese-Americans faced following the attack on Pearl Harbor." "Coming to grips with the trauma of the tragedy is the first step," said EDC Vice President Eric Jolly, Ph.D. "Helping our youth make meaning of the tragedy is the next step. We need to make sure that in the process of making meaning, we do not create a second wave of victims."

In fact, "Beyond Blame" says very little about the first wave of victims, the one in which thousands of innocents were struck down in the World Trade Center and the Pentagon. Their plight does not figure in the moral calculus of the curriculum, and there is no suggestion that schools need to "make meaning" from their fate. Nor, aside from the internment of Japanese-Americans, is anything else said about World War II, though it happens to

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provide the premier moral and political lesson of the 20th century. Least of all does the curriculum carry even a hint that we must fight back until those who hit us on September 11 are disarmed and punished. Instead, it admonishes teachers to be sure their pupils know how "cool" it is to have "honest discussions about cultural differences" and to "support . . . and protect . . . victims, or potential victims, of hate-motivated violence"—unless, that is, they happen to be the victims of the hate-motivated violence loosed upon America.

I THINK I have already said enough to indicate the problems with these post-September 11 materials. First on the list, and never to be lost sight of, is the underlying ignorance of the students—and, often, the teachers—whom such materials are meant to benefit. A hundred studies and more have told us how woefully uninformed American schoolchildren are about their nation's past, about the ideas and principles on which their society was founded, and about the values that to this day direct our national life. Knowing still less about the world at large, they are ill-equipped to understand just how rare are these principles and values, and what a demanding and costly challenge it has been over two long centuries to safeguard and defend them from their many foes. They will certainly get no inkling from these new materials.

But the absence of serious history from the lesson plans is no accident. Young minds uncluttered by facts and knowledge are all the more susceptible to sophisticated-seeming appeals to "sensitivity" and "tolerance," and from there it is but a quick and easy step to preparing them for an even more sophisticated-seeming denigration of their own country and culture as compared with others'. Thus, although one might think that the events of September 11 necessitate a regrounding of our children in the values of their civilization, the very contrary is the case, according to Judith Rizzo, a deputy chancellor in New York City: "Those people who said we don't need multiculturalism, . . . a pox on them. I think they've learned their lesson [after September 11]. We have to do more to teach habits of tolerance, knowledge, and awareness of other cultures."

As Diane Ravitch has observed, the clear implication of such statements is that the atrocity visited upon us was, somehow, caused by some failure of "tolerance" on our part, a failure that can only be redressed by our becoming both more "aware" of other cultures, religions, and societies, particularly those of the Middle East, and more attuned to the defects of our own.

A few educators have gone beyond mere implication and have fingered the United States explicitly for the murderous attacks upon it. A twelve-year-old Maryland girl, interviewed in the *Washington Post*, obligingly contrasted what she was learning at home—her mother serves in the Naval Reserve—with what she was being taught in school: "Why do some people hate America? Why did they do it? They wanted to bomb our symbols. That's what my mom said. Because we're bossy. That's what my teacher said."

The message conveyed by that twelve-year-old's teacher arises as well out of a new curriculum unit prepared by Brown University's Watson Institute for International Studies. Designed to help high-school teachers and students "analyze various foreign-policy options," it invites them to ponder such "choices" as this:

> If we are going to end the cycle of violence in which we are caught, we must halt our military offensive in Afghanistan and join with all civilized nations around the world to examine the deeper issues underlying terrorism.

In aid of further contemplation, the curriculum also offers a set of "scholarly" interviews, in one of which the director of the Watson Institute observes that "the greatest threat to the U.S. at the moment is that of overreaction"—something, he adds, that "we should have learned historically from our intervention in Vietnam."

Peddling a similarly inverted pedagogical line is Educators for Social Responsibility, last heard from as a voice for "peace" in the Reagan years. Back then, this organization was pushing to teach youngsters about the risks of American "militarism" and the virtues of unilateral disarmament. Today, with the Soviet Union gone, it is intent on helping them understand "violent conflict" like September's terrorism. In practice, this means learning to look at the United States as our adversaries do, for it is only through such understanding that the young can "become more sensitive" to the "feelings and points of view" of "all sides." The masochistic message of Educators for Social Responsibility is today spread far and wide, thanks to the easy ubiquity of the Internet and the sponsorship of such major U.S. companies as AT&T, Procter & Gamble, State Farm, and the Visa corporation.

Shall I go on? The National Association of School Psychologists has urged teachers to discuss "historical instances of American intolerance," helpfully noting the "internment of Japanese-Americans after Pearl Harbor and the backlash against Arab-Americans during the Gulf War." Bob Chase, the president of the vast National Education Association, has warned his members not to "scapegoat, stereotype, or harass Arab-Americans and Muslims," reminding them in the next breath that *America* "has an often shameful history of vilifying our own citizens during times of national crisis. . . . We have cultivated prejudice and hatred on our own soil." Not to be outdone, Alfie Kohn, a highly paid vendor of "pro-

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fessional development" for teachers, writes that the attacks on New York and the Pentagon "had a context and perhaps a motive that are perfectly comprehensible"—namely, the fact that the United States, itself a major practitioner of terrorism, is "the most powerful and therefore arguably the most dangerous" nation on earth.

THIS, IN short, is where the true face of "tolerance" reveals itself—a tolerance that casts its beneficent and protective mantle over every intolerant act directed against us and finds its limit only when contemplating the United States itself, an irredeemably racist country now caught in the throes of wartime hysteria. No wonder, then, that amid the recent flood of curricular guidance (and despite such symbolic exceptions as the White House's own effort to encourage students and teachers to reflect on patriotism), we find so little about strengthening children's loyalties toward their country, its history, and its values. Still less do we find instruction about the dangers and evils that beset democracy and freedom, and none at all about the need to respond to these threats by fighting hard against those who wish us ill, armed with the moral and political certainty that we are right and they are wrong.*

That nothing less than such a response will do, however, has been brought home with pristine clarity by a series of newspaper reports on schools in other places where relativism, tolerance, and multiculturalism are assuredly *not* being taught. These are schools in Muslim lands, and even some in our own, where millions of youngsters are learning to hate democracy, to hate America, to hate Christians and Jews—and to prepare themselves to fight to the death against them. Some of those schools are private academies, *madrasas*, run by Islamic fundamentalists. But many others, including in oil-rich Saudi Arabia, are public schools. As *New York Times* correspondent Neil MacFarquhar reported recently, an "extremist, anti-Western worldview has gradually pervaded the Saudi education system with its heavy doses of mandatory religious instruction"; in one required tenth-grade religion class, students examine texts that "warn of the dangers of having Christian and Jewish friends." The lesson concludes: "'It is compulsory for the Muslims to be loyal to each other and to consider the infidels their enemy.'"

Similar teachings abound in Islamic schools now springing up around the United States. In upscale Potomac, Maryland, writes a *Washington Post* reporter, the students at one Muslim school answered almost every question, "no matter what they were asked," by asserting that "the United States should focus not just on bin Laden's terror network but on 'the real terrorists,' which is their code for Israel." In less upscale Brooklyn, at the private Al Noor high school, a *New York Times* reporter found students awash in "empathy for the young Muslims around the world who profess hatred for America and Americans." One seventeen-year-old boy volunteered to go to prison rather "than fight in the United States Army against Muslims."

On one side, then, there is tolerance, nonjudgmentalism, sensitivity to other cultures, and a none too subtle deprecation of one's own. On the other, chauvinism, righteousness, superiority, and an unshakable conviction of truth. The attacks on the World Trade Center and the Pentagon have indeed created what educators like to call a "teachable moment." Whether our teachers—and those who teach them—will rise to the moment responsibly and with honor is a question that cannot yet be answered; so far, the signs are not good.

* A fine place to commence an education in *these* verities is Walter Berns's splendid book, *Making Patriots* (University of Chicago, 144 pp., $20.00). The author, a distinguished political theorist proud to be part of the "greatest generation," believes, with Jefferson, that "the making of patriots [cannot] be left to chance" and that it is the "job of the public schools to teach this to the younger generation of citizens." He is also keenly aware of how "cultural or moral relativism makes it difficult, if not impossible, for the schools to do what they have traditionally been expected to do, namely, to play a major role in the making of public-spirited citizens." Though he penned this meditation well before September 11, it should be required reading for every educator, followed by a mandatory test on its contents and meaning.

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ART

Giacometti's Truth

Steven C. Munson

THERE IS a famous story about Cézanne's effort to paint a portrait of his dealer Ambrose Vollard. He worked at the picture for many weeks, requiring what seemed like countless sittings by his subject. One day, the sessions ended. After stepping back from his canvas, the master considered for a while. Then he announced that he was not dissatisfied with the front of the shirt.

What this story suggests is that, as far as Cézanne was concerned, the painting was not complete. Indeed, more than a few of Cézanne's paintings, including some of his finest, intimate a sensation of incompleteness—even as they convince us that they are fully realized works of art. It has been said of Cézanne that he did not so much "finish" a picture as simply stop working on it. And from some of his paintings one gets the sense that, but for the limitations of genius, he could have kept at them indefinitely.

One gets something of the same sensation from the works of Alberto Giacometti, currently the subject, on the 100th anniversary of his birth, of a major retrospective at the Museum of Modern Art in New York. (It closes on January 8, 2002.) The exhibition, which opens with a remarkably authoritative group of youthful pencil and paper portraits, covers all phases of the artist's career—from the early Brancusi- and cubist-influenced sculptures through a seemingly unrelated surrealist phase to the mature sculptures and paintings with which museum- and gallery-goers are probably most familiar: the radically thin, flattened, and elongated bronze figures with huge feet/pedestals and the somewhat spooky, often hollow-eyed portraits of less dramatically elongated solitary individuals seated in rooms.

Among the nearly 200 objects on display—drawings, paintings, and, above all, sculptures—are many of the artist's most important works. They include the delightful *Torso* (1925), with which Giacometti made his debut at the Salon d'Automne, and the extraordinary *Gazing Head* (1928), which Christian Klemm, in a fine catalogue essay, calls "the completely innovative starting point for future developments."

It was this sculpture, in fact, that caught the attention of André Breton and Georges Bataille, two leaders of the surrealist movement, and that catapulted Giacometti into the center of the Parisian avant-garde—and early critical acclaim. Two other notable works, from the 1930's, are the Egyptian-like *Walking Woman* (1932-34) and *Cube* (1934); the latter seems to be Giacometti's most purely abstract work, and it marked, says Klemm, the end of his engagement with the avant-garde. That disengagement came at the close of his surrealist period, which he later referred to as his "Babylonian captivity."

This remark suggests that surrealism was a kind of detour for Giacometti, but if so it was a fruitful one. Notwithstanding the alternately disturbing, lurid, or frightening—and somewhat dated—character of such sculptures as *Cage* (1930), *Disagreeable Object* (1931), *Woman with her Throat Cut* (1932), *Point to the Eye* (1932), and *Head-Skull* (1934), these works are highly accomplished. In fact, to look at them is to see how brilliantly Giacometti assimilated surrealist ideas—in particular, the

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pictorial ideas of Miró—just as he had earlier absorbed the innovations of Brancusi and cubism. And there are also some formal continuities to be discerned in the surrealist works, both with what preceded them and with what came after, the most significant being the use of forms based on primitive and archaic art. Indeed, in many ways, the MoMA exhibit suggests that Giacometti's underlying concerns remained fairly consistent throughout his career.

THAT CAREER began in a village near Stampa, in the southeastern Swiss Alps. Born in 1901, Alberto, the first of four children, followed in the footsteps of his father, a painter who had returned home after receiving training in Munich, Paris, and Italy. As a child, Alberto worked in his father's studio, and it quickly became apparent that he was something of a prodigy. At eighteen, he was sent to study in Paris, but he shortly dropped out and spent part of the year traveling with his father in Italy. In Venice, he was stunned by the paintings of Tintoretto; in Padua, he was overwhelmed by the frescoes of Giotto. On his way to Rome, where he would spend six months, he stopped in Florence; there, according to Klemm, he saw an Egyptian head "that made an unforgettable impression on him."

Giacometti's decision to become a sculptor took him to the Académie de la Grande Chaumière in Paris. He studied there off and on over the next several years in the teaching studio of Antoine Bourdelle, a former assistant to Rodin. Giacometti would live in Paris from 1922 on, making frequent return visits to Stampa. In 1927, he moved into a small studio where he would live and work until his death in 1966. (Two extremely precise drawings of this cramped space are included in the MoMA exhibit.) Despite the money that would come with success and fame, he lived modestly, having no real interest in material comforts.

Klemm says that initially Giacometti saw himself as an heir to Rodin, but that it was Cézanne—the painter who had the most decisive influence on 20th-century art, and who had profoundly influenced Giacometti's father—who became his "guiding star." The influence of Cézanne is readily apparent in Giacometti's drawings and paintings (especially the two versions of *Apple on a Sideboard* done in 1937). Early on, it is evident in *Self-portrait* (1921), an impressively confident display of modeling form and collapsing space through a dense accumulation of *taches* of color. And it is evident again in a second self-portrait, done in 1923, in which the head and neck assume a massive, stone-like quality. (Of Cézanne's *Five Bathers*, a work dated 1885-87, the critic Roger Fry wrote, "If it is lacking completeness as a pictorial design, it would at least make a remarkable sculptural relief.") Unlike in the earlier painting, though, the figure here seems to emerge out of, or to be situated within, a palpably larger space than that contained by the canvas.

This points to the problem Giacometti struggled with through all the permutations of his stylistic development: how to render space and the figure within it. In drawing, this problem typically presents itself at first as a question of where to place a figure (or object) on the paper. The choice is both elemental and crucial, for it raises further questions as to what kind of space the artist is creating and why. Put another way, the issue becomes: what is the relation of this space to reality, and how does the figure belong in it? Giacometti famously said that while art interested him a lot, truth interested him much more. With his figures and the space he created for them, what truth was he searching for, or seeking to illuminate?

ONE OF the best descriptions of Giacometti's "truth" was offered by David Sylvester, who organized an exhibit of some of the artist's mature paintings in London in 1955. The striking thing about these works, Sylvester wrote,

> is the density of their space. The atmosphere is not transparent: it is as visible as the solid forms it surrounds, almost as tangible. Furthermore, it is uncertain where the solid form ends and the space begins. Between mass and space there is a kind of interpenetration.

The space of which Sylvester speaks is created by Giacometti's intense, scratchy, yet delicate modeling, and by the use of a device that appears regularly in his drawings and paintings: a drawn box, just inside the edges of the paper or canvas, that encloses the representation of the room and its centrally placed figure. In his sculpture, this box has a counterpart in the cage-like structures that appear in such surrealist works as *Cage*, *Suspended Ball* (1930), and *The Palace at 4 A.M.* (1932) and, later, in *The Nose* (1947), *The Cage (Woman and Head)* (1950), and *Figure in a Box between Two Boxes which are Houses* (1950).

As has often been noted, Giacometti's sculptures have a manifest pictorial quality. "Drawing is the basis of everything," he told the writer James Lord. Walking through the exhibition rooms at MoMA, one gets the distinct feeling that, whether one is looking at drawings, paintings, or sculptures, one is somehow seeing the same, invisible "thing"—namely, the impulse, energy, and activity that went into producing, and seems to flow back and forth among, different material expressions of a common underlying search.

That search is explicit in a series of three busts from 1927 and a painting from 1932 of the artist's father, works that exude the manifold pleasures of filial affection, aesthetic experimentation, and physical execution. The first, in bronze, is

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heavily modeled, with the features fully articulated. In the second, done in marble, the features are barely there, being little more than faint Brancusi-like impressions in the white stone. In the third, they are scratched into the surface of the roughly cut bronze, giving the work an archaic quality. In all three heads, the ever-more flattened front of the face is delineated by an inverted triangle, an effect achieved in the painting through the use of a thin layer of highlighted gray paint over the underlying rose.

These busts, like the one Giacometti did of his mother in 1927, reflect an ongoing effort to combine representation and stylization (in particular, stylization based on archaic or primitive forms): an effort that could be said to constitute the core of Giacometti's formal experiments. Of the bust of the artist's mother, Klemm writes that "we see for the first time the central problem of Giacometti's mature work: the difficulty of embodying what he saw with visionary intensity, namely, the reality of the human being in its double role as a visible presence, but also, in physical terms, as reified ungraspability."

The seemingly unbearable nature of this difficulty is vividly evoked by James Lord in *A Giacometti Portrait* (1965), an account of sitting for the artist. Lord's description of the sessions, which extended over several weeks, is notable for its insights into Giacometti's artistic process and for capturing the spirit and personality of an artist whose daily efforts were dogged by uncertainty of the most extreme kind.

"It couldn't be going worse. It seems impossible to do," Giacometti told Lord in a characteristic outburst during one of their working sessions. "And, after all, it would not be any better if you were farther away. The distance between the artist and the model doesn't matter. A head is simply impossible to paint." At their very first session, Giacometti had exclaimed, "You have the head of a brute. . . . If I could paint you as I see you and a policeman saw the picture he'd arrest you immediately!"

As others have remarked, it is the quality of uncertainty that seems to characterize, more than any other, Giacometti's mature work. It is somewhat gloomily evident in some of the drawings and paintings. But it is resplendent in the sculptures. The delicacy and precarious balance of such figures as *Walking Man* (1947), *Standing Woman* (1948), *Man Walking in the Rain* (1948), *Man Falling* (1950), and *Seated Woman* (1950) are emphasized by the massive bases as well as the heavily modeled surfaces, which suggest an intensive effort to manipulate a living thing into existence out of the lifeless clay (later cast in bronze).

GIACOMETTI'S EFFORT to breathe new life, as it were, into an art rooted in an interest in the human figure—at a time when abstract expressionism was just beginning its march to dominance of the American and then the international art scene—may have been what displeased the critic Clement Greenberg when he saw some of the sculptor's breakthrough works in a show at the Pierre Matisse gallery in New York in 1948. Greenberg viewed these sculptures as a sad falling-off from Giacometti's more abstract cubist/surrealist phase, and as a retrograde return to "the statue."

In this case, Greenberg's justly fabled eye failed him, blinded perhaps by his belief in the inevitable progress of abstraction. But his complaint does raise an interesting issue. In the United States, cubism and surrealism eventually produced abstract expressionism; yet Giacometti, who had fully absorbed both influences, subsequently turned in an entirely different and more traditional direction. Greenberg once told the abstract expressionist Willem de Kooning, who in his 1950's *Woman* series also tried to return to the figure, that painting the figure was no longer possible. Giacometti proved him wrong. And in so doing he created a more universal and more profound art than that of the abstract expressionists, whose quest for a transcendent "absolute" (in the historian John Golding's phrase) led often to a more parochial, solipsistic, and limited achievement.

Giacometti was no transcendentalist. Nor was he seeking, as some have claimed, to give artistic expression to a kind of existentialist alienation. This misreading—its most notable proponent was Jean-Paul Sartre, who wrote the introduction to the catalogue for the 1948 show at the Matisse Gallery—seems to have been the result in part of a faulty interpretation of Giacometti's obsession with death: he told James Lord that he talked about immolating himself so often that his wife finally told him either to do it or to shut up, and that as a result he had to stop talking about it. The same misreading also clearly has something to do with the postures, shapes, undersized heads, and often anguished expressions of Giacometti's figures. But to the limited extent that these aspects of his work convey an emotional or psychological state, they do not do so as a negation of reality. (As Giacometti himself said, "I'm incapable of expressing any human feelings at all in my work. I just try to construct a head, nothing more.") They are simply necessary components of the whole—choices dictated, like those about materials, scale, design, and modeling, by the artist's overriding preoccupation with finding a formal solution to the problem of representing what he saw.

Giacometti returned to the same models and the same motifs again and again. His genius is captured in an exchange recorded by Lord (there are many others like it) after he had stopped working on Lord's portrait and turned his attention to one of his sculptures-in-progress:

> Nodding at the sculpture, he said, "I'm doing something here that

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I've never done before. It may not be apparent to you, but I am."

It was not apparent to me. The figure looked very much like a number he had done in the past. But the point, I thought, was that his feelings in relation to it were unlike any he had had before. To him the plastic problem, the visual response to reality, was utterly new, because he possesses the rare capacity of seeing a familiar thing with the intense vividness of a completely new sight. And it is this extraordinary, though taxing, ability which enables him to imbue with fresh vitality subjects he has treated numerous times before.

In Giacometti's signature sculptures, the box that in his paintings frames the room and figure is replaced by the relatively massive base, which creates the same sensation that his paintings do of a much larger space than that which one "sees"—a sensation, in short, of the presence of an absence. The critic and painter Fairfield Porter got close to the heart of this mysterious matter in a 1960 review:

> Giacometti's concern is to place the relationship of man and landscape with the ground. And he further considers man and everything else as having a dual relationship to the environment as a link between the earth and infinity. . . . Infinity, in short, has the single limit of its beginning; it is actual, it exists, and one can experience it. . . . [It] makes physical existence and spiritual existence (where a thing is and what it is), its displacement and its position, its relation to the horizontal and the vertical—it makes all these things inseparable, as mind is inseparable from body.

Which brings us back to the question of incompleteness. Given their nature, Giacometti's works at times invite the feeling that something remains to be done—there is this, they seem to say, and there is much more. Yet they do not invite a search for meaning. In that sense, they are complete, or, rather, as complete as this uncertain but unflinching and accepting artist, perhaps the last great artist of the 20th century, could make them.

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MUSIC

The Double Life of Miklós Rózsa

Terry Teachout

FAR MORE people have heard the music of Miklós Rózsa than that of his countryman and fellow modernist Béla Bartók, but far fewer know his name.

For more than four decades, Rózsa divided his time between writing concert music and scoring commercial films. Among the latter were such highly successful productions as Billy Wilder's *Double Indemnity* (1944) and *The Lost Weekend* (1945), Alfred Hitchcock's *Spellbound* (1945), Vincente Minnelli's *Madame Bovary* (1949), and William Wyler's *Ben-Hur* (1959). His work in Hollywood brought him three Academy Awards and made him one of the most financially successful composers of the last century.

But Rózsa paid a price for his worldly success. Although his concert music was admired and performed by distinguished artists like the violinist Jascha Heifetz, the cellist Gregor Piatigorsky, and the conductors Pierre Monteux and Bruno Walter, it was taken for granted by the vast majority of classical-music critics that a composer who wrote for Hollywood could not possibly be first-rate. There was an additional impediment to critical success: Rózsa refused to bow to postwar fashion and experiment with serialism and other avant-garde techniques. As a result, he became an increasingly marginalized figure. Today, six years after his death in 1995, none of his concert music has yet entered the standard repertoire.

He is, however, attracting a different kind of attention. With the breakup of the avant-garde monopoly and the subsequent revival of tonality, film music of the studio era has begun to find an independent audience and to be taken seriously by open-minded critics. Many of the scores of such noted Hollywood composers as Rózsa, Bernard Herrmann, and Erich Wolfgang Korngold have now been released on CD, some in digitally refurbished versions derived from the original soundtracks and others in new performances. Partly as a byproduct of this interest, most of Rózsa's other works have also been recorded during the past decade. Though these CD's have not yet brought about anything like a boom, some adventurous performers are now starting to program his concert music.*

SEVENTY YEARS ago, such attention would not have been thought surprising, for Rózsa was then widely regarded as one of Europe's most promising young composers. Not until he moved to the United States would critics conclude that there was less to him than met the ear.

In *Double Life* (1982), his wryly amusing autobiography, Rózsa describes a youthful career not greatly different from that of any other composer-in-the-making, though his start was somewhat slower. Born in Budapest in 1907, he began to play the violin at the age of five. But his father insisted that he receive a general education; when he went to the University of Leipzig in 1925, it was to pursue a degree in chemistry with a minor in musicology. Soon enough, however, he persuaded his father to let him become a full-time student of music at the

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* Recommended recordings of key works by Rózsa (including his film scores) are listed in the selected discography at the end of this article.

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Leipzig Conservatory. His first important large-scale composition, the String Trio, Op. 1, was premiered in 1927 and published shortly thereafter by the prestigious Leipzig firm of Breitkopf & Härtel.

Rózsa received a thorough grounding in the Austro-German musical tradition, but his own sympathies were considerably more wide-ranging than those of his teachers. From childhood on, he had been exposed to Hungarian folksong, and its sharp-cornered rhythms and strong modal coloration—particularly the major-minor fluctuation and flattened sevenths that can also be heard in the music of Béla Bartók, his senior by a quarter-century—would imprint themselves on his mature style. As he later recalled:

> I felt this constant urge to express myself musically in the language of my patrimony and of my origins; it was a living source of inspiration. . . . However much I may modify my style in order to write effectively for films, the music of Hungary is stamped indelibly one way or another on virtually every bar I have ever put on paper.

Though Rózsa's sweet-and-sour harmonic language bore a definite resemblance to that of Bartók, who was another folksong collector, his melodies were more overtly lyrical. For this reason his music initially appealed to a wider audience. His Theme, Variations, and Finale, Op. 13a, a twenty-minute orchestral showpiece written in Paris in 1933 and premiered the following year by Charles Munch, opens with a piquant oboe tune whose melodic contours are unmistakably Hungarian, followed by eight brilliantly scored variations and a whirlwind finale. "The theme sounded as if it might have been a folk tune," Rózsa later recalled, "but it wasn't; it just arose out of my feelings of nostalgia for the village where I had felt at home."

This piece, one of the finest sets of orchestral variations composed in the 20th century, became Rózsa's calling card, attracting the attention of conductors throughout Europe and America. (It figured prominently, for example, on the 1943 program with which an as yet unknown Leonard Bernstein made his New York Philharmonic debut.) But it brought him no substantial income, and in order to earn a living Rózsa resorted to hackwork, churning out popular songs under the pseudonym Nic Tomay.

In 1935, desperate to find a more dignified way of subsidizing his serious work, Rózsa moved to England, where he wangled an introduction to the Hungarian movie producer Alexander Korda. Korda hired him to score *Knight Without Armour*, and Rózsa found the work unexpectedly congenial. When Korda moved his production company to Hollywood in 1939 to finish *The Thief of Baghdad*, Rózsa went along, and within four years had established himself as a key figure in film music.

Until recently, few of the hundreds of composers who worked in Hollywood during the studio era had received more than passing notice from classical-music critics. Nor did many of them deserve it: most of the musicians who wrote film scores in the 30's were true hacks, and their work was as utilitarian and unmemorable as the movies it adorned.* With the sole exception of the Vienna-born Erich Wolfgang Korngold, who like Rózsa had distinguished himself on the European classical-music scene long before moving to America, Rózsa found his new colleagues to be poorly trained and stylistically unadventurous:

> Each score was credited to a different composer, but the music all sounded much the same. . . . The general idiom was conservative and meretricious in the extreme—diluted Rachmaninoff and Broadway.

Fortunately, a few producers and directors were as open as their British counterparts to new musical ideas. Aaron Copland had already come to Hollywood in 1939 to score the film versions of John Steinbeck's *Of Mice and Men* and Thornton Wilder's *Our Town*, and his much-remarked example helped make it possible for such composers as Rózsa and Bernard Herrmann to work in a more modern idiom.

By his own reckoning, the first film in which Rózsa broke decisively with Hollywood's prevailing musical blandness was *Double Indemnity* (1944), in which the director Billy Wilder, working in collaboration with the mystery novelist-screenwriter Raymond Chandler, laid the groundwork for the disillusioned, morally equivocal style of moviemaking now known as film noir. Wilder encouraged Rózsa to compose a score consistent with the film's cynical tone, and Rózsa responded by introducing (in his words) "certain asperities of rhythm and harmony which wouldn't have caused anyone familiar with the serious musical scene to bat an eyelid, but which did cause consternation in certain musical quarters in Hollywood." Indeed, several studio executives at Paramount Pictures were shocked by what they heard, but Wilder insisted that Rózsa's score be recorded exactly as written, and when *Double Indemnity* became a hit, both men were vindicated.

Rózsa's gripping score for *Double Indemnity* may have sounded joltingly dissonant by the ultra-cautious standards of Hollywood in the 40's, but it was, as he readily acknowledged, less adventurous than his concert music. Unlike Copland and Herrmann, he was prepared to temper his distinctive style in order to make it acceptable to untrained ears—though he never diluted it beyond recognition, as did more pliable composers like George Antheil.

How did he feel about his "dou-

* For a more extensive discussion, see my essay, "I Heard It at the Movies," in Commentary, November 1996.

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ble life"? According to the film-music scholar Christopher Palmer, who worked as his assistant, "Rózsa *needed* to write the kind of music films demanded of him; it was a side of his musical personality that had to find an expressive outlet." Be that as it may, in the pages of *Double Life* Rózsa speaks with unmixed pleasure of only a few of his film scores. Although he calls the richly expansive *Ben-Hur* "very close to my heart," more typical is this remark:

> I actually never liked the cinema very much, but for me, as for many other composers, it was a source of income, and once committed to it we did our best. . . . Did I betray my heritage? My view is that I did not, inasmuch as I never lost sight of my *real* profession: that of composer, not of music to order but simply of the music that was in me to write.

Nor did he ever slacken in his output of music made not "to order" but for his own pleasure or on commission from a select number of prominent soloists and conductors. Most notable among these was Jascha Heifetz, for whom Rózsa wrote the Violin Concerto, Op. 24 (1956), by common consent the greatest of his concert pieces. In this three-movement work, a particularly striking example of his expressive self-discipline, he invariably flavors his warmly romantic, modally colored melodies with a pinch of harmonic acerbity. Once again one hears a family resemblance to Bartók's much better-known violin concerto of 1938, but there is no question of derivation; nor would Bartók ever have written anything as frankly emotive as Rózsa's central movement, marked *Lento cantabile*.

Alas, few critics seemed able to distinguish the well-paid craftsman from the dedicated artist who retired to a villa in Italy each summer to devote himself to serious composition. Especially in the wake of his scores for such big-budget costume epics as *Ben-Hur*, *Quo Vadis* (1951), *King of Kings* (1960), and *El Cid* (1961), he found it all but impossible to get a fair hearing, and though his concert music was played with some frequency, it tended not to be heard in major venues. When Pinchas Zukerman, André Previn, and the Los Angeles Philharmonic performed his Viola Concerto, Op. 37 (1979), Rózsa observed matter-of-factly that it was "the first time a major concert work of mine had been given in my hometown for some twenty years."

Nevertheless, he soldiered on, even after a stroke in 1982 paralyzed the left side of his body, forcing him to give up both large-scale composition and film work. (The latter had in any case dried up as American filmmakers lost interest in the big-orchestra scores of the studio era, opting instead for pop-music soundtracks.) He spent his later years working on a series of sonatas for various unaccompanied instruments. Though failing eyesight finally forced him to stop composing in 1988, he lived long enough to hear the first in a series of new digital recordings of his orchestral music, and to know that a small but fervently loyal cadre of younger artists would carry the torch for his music after his death.

RÓZSA SET forth his artistic credo on the last page of *Double Life*:

> Like [the conductor] Sir Thomas Beecham I have no time for any music which does not stimulate pleasure in life, and, even more importantly, *pride* in life. . . . I am an unashamed champion of tonality. Its possibilities were supposed to be exhausted at the turn of the [20th] century; yet today, 80 years later, composers are still finding new and vital things to say within its framework. . . . Tonality means line; line means melody; melody means song; and song, especially folk song, is the essence of music, because it is the natural, spontaneous, and primordial expression of human emotion.

Even as late as 1982, when these words were published, Rózsa's unswerving belief in the central position of tonality in Western music would have struck many influential musicians as reactionary, if not absurd. As much as his "double life," it was this staunch commitment to tradition that kept him from receiving the attention he deserved.

Today, however, things are thankfully different, and Rózsa's concert music is due—overdue—for a thoroughgoing revaluation. For all the impeccable craftsmanship and dramatic appropriateness of his film scores, it is in pieces like his concertos for violin, viola, and cello, the two string quartets, and the marvelous Theme, Variations, and Finale that the best of Rózsa is to be found. These are major works by any reckoning, strongly individual yet unfailingly accessible. It can only be a matter of time before their chronically undervalued composer wins the recognition he deserves as a master of modern music.

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Rózsa on CD: A Select Discography

A FINE conductor, Miklós Rózsa recorded most of his own orchestral music, but none of his performances is currently to be found on CD (except for a few soundtracks). Here are seven currently available recordings of some of his concert works and film scores, arranged according to date of composition:

1933: The Theme, Variations, and Finale was performed by James Sedares and the New Zealand Symphony Orchestra as part of a series of CD's devoted to Rózsa's complete orchestral music. According to Rózsa, who heard a tape two years before his death, "the orchestral playing combines passion with discipline in exactly the way my music demands" (Koch International 3-7191-2H1).

1944-46: Sedares and the New Zealand Symphony have also recorded suites from three of Rózsa's best film scores of the 40's: *Double Indemnity*, *The Lost Weekend*, and *The Killers* (1946). The playing here is adequate but shows signs of insufficient rehearsal (Koch International 3-7375-2-H1).

1956: Jascha Heifetz's "creator" recording of the Violin Concerto, made with Walter Hendl and the Dallas Symphony six weeks after the world premiere, remains the benchmark performance of that masterly work (RCA Victor Gold Seal 7963-2-RG). Also available is an outstanding new digital recording by Robert McDuffie, Yoel Levi, and the Atlanta Symphony, coupled with an equally good performance by Lynn Harrell of the Cello Concerto, Op. 32, composed in 1968 for Gregor Piatigorsky (Telarc CD-80518).

1959: The complete musical soundtrack to *Ben-Hur*, conducted by Rózsa, is now available on compact disc (WEA/Rhino R2 72197, two CD's).

1979: Rózsa's last major work for orchestra was the intense, dark-colored Viola Concerto, composed for Pinchas Zukerman and recorded by Paul Silverthorne, James Sedares, and the New Zealand Symphony (Koch 3-7304-2H1).

1981: The bracingly astringent Second String Quartet, Op. 38, is available in a fine reading by the Flesch Quartet, coupled with the more lyrical First Quartet, Op. 22, composed in 1950 and dedicated to the actor Peter Ustinov, who appeared in *Quo Vadis* (ASV CD DCA 1105).

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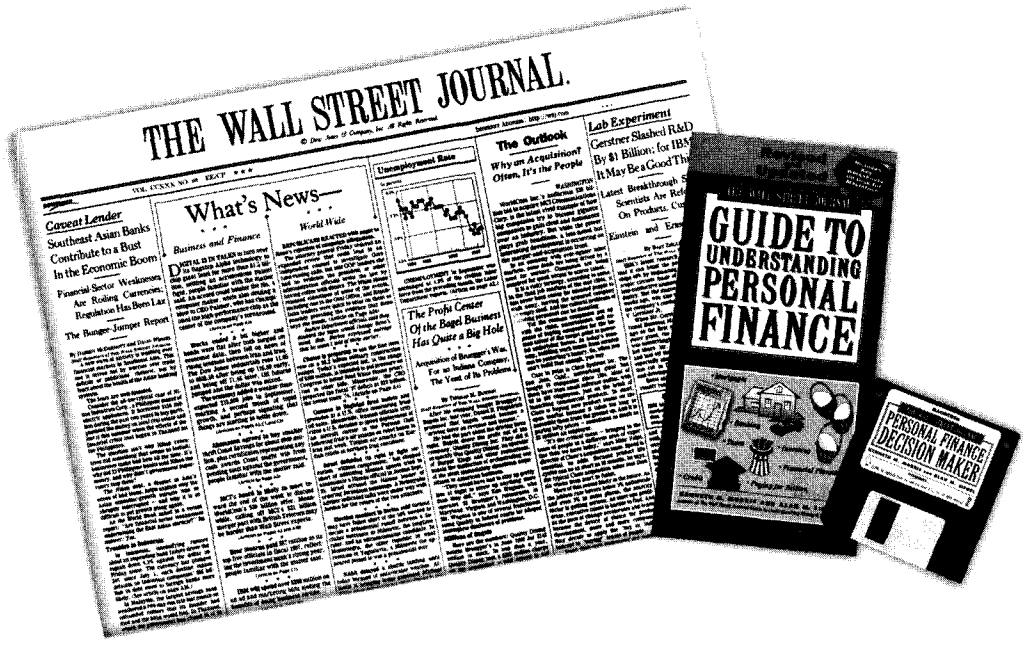
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Books in Review

Anthrax, etc.

Germs:
Biological Weapons and
America's Secret War
by Judith Miller, Stephen
Engelberg, and William Broad
Simon & Schuster. 382 pp. $27.00

Reviewed by
Frederick W. Kagan

OSAMA BIN Laden has threatened all Americans with death. Biological agents now in existence can help make that happen. Biological-warfare capabilities have already made their way into the hands of terrorists, and have been used. The possibility cannot be excluded that bin Laden or some other terrorist, or terrorist state, will attempt to make good on his promise. Neither can the possibility that whoever does so will succeed.

The stark reality behind these statements emerges with painful vividness from *Germs: Biological Weapons and America's Secret War*. Any honest reader must agree with the book's conclusion: "We remain woefully unprepared for a calamity that would be unlike any this country has ever experienced." And, in the wake of the attack on the World Trade Center and the anthrax outbreak of mid-October, events that occurred after *Germs* went to press, most readers will surely wish to add: "Something must be done urgently."

Germs is a well-written, journalistic account of the history of biological-warfare programs, leavened with a few detailed excursions into actual attacks, events that may have been attacks, and other relevant international crises. All three of its authors are associated with the *New York Times*, Judith Miller as a reporter specializing in the Middle East and the former Soviet republics, Stephen Engelberg as the paper's investigations editor, and William Broad as a science writer. In twelve chapters, proceeding roughly chronologically, they tell the story of germ warfare from the early programs in the Soviet Union and the U.S. at the outset of the cold war up through the present day. Among the subjects they treat in detail are a salmonella attack by a religious cult in Oregon on its neighbors during the 1980's, the 1995 release of Sarin gas in Tokyo by the Japanese cult Aum Shinrikyo, and our long post-Gulf-war standoff with Iraq over its biological-weapons program.

Germs is a quick read, extensively researched, carefully argued, and perhaps excessively moderate in its conclusions. The book's organization leaves something to be desired, especially in later chapters where the chronological framework compels the authors to hop back and forth between crises instead of dealing with each one systematically. Miller, Engelberg, and Broad also oversimplify the medical science underlying their arguments, a perhaps unavoidable flaw in a book aimed at a popular audience. A more serious problem is that later chapters rely largely on accounts by government officials, and lack the sort of verification that can only come from an independent look at documentary evidence that is still classified. This is a pitfall in almost any work of contemporary history, but because,

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in biological warfare, the devil literally is in the details, *Germs* may be especially in need of revision as more information becomes available.

This is hardly to say, however, that Miller, Engelberg, and Broad are guilty of exaggeration. Quite the contrary: not only would it be difficult to exaggerate the danger we are in, but prior, facile dismissals of its extent and immediacy have themselves had a major hand in bringing it about. Throughout the cold war, at least some students of Soviet chemical- and biological-weapons programs warned repeatedly that the Russians were extremely advanced in their capabilities and in open violation of the Biological and Toxic Weapons Convention they had signed and ratified in 1972. But many others refused to believe it, arguing, in effect, that in the absence of conclusive proof we had to trust the Russians because the alternative was too ghastly to contemplate. After the Soviet Union collapsed in 1991, the truth came out. The pessimists had been far too cautious: the Soviet germ-warfare program was light-years beyond anything even they had estimated.

The same pattern was evident in Iraq following the Gulf war. The United Nations inspection regime (UNSCOM) was itself split over the scale and significance of Iraqi efforts; for a long time, the team leader, Rolf Ekeus, was unwilling to act on indications that the Iraqis were concealing a massive germ-warfare program. Then in 1995 a defecting member of the Iraqi ruling family revealed that the program was much farther advanced than anyone had speculated, and pointed to evidence lying under the inspectors' very noses.

The moral of these stories is plain. Regimes bent on mischief can escape detection and/or retribution almost indefinitely by raising doubts about evidence, presenting innocuous explanations for suspicious-seeming activities, and in general exploiting the unwillingness of Western scientists and diplomats to believe that anyone would seriously conceive of, let alone act upon, programs as horrific as those inspired by Soviet and Iraqi laboratory experiments.

So the first lesson that emerges from *Germs* is that there is unlimited evil in the world, and it is aimed at us. And the second lesson is that the United States government has been culpably negligent in its failure to respond to that evil. The record of this negligence spans administrations and political parties: the elder George Bush was as much to blame as Bill Clinton, and, until the most recent attacks, the current Bush administration showed few signs of doing any better.

The reason is simple: money. Although most of the countermeasures described in *Germs* would have cost only in the tens or hundreds of millions of dollars to develop, American politicians, disbelieving or denying the seriousness of the threat, were unwilling to allocate the necessary funds. As a result, basic precautions, like preparing and stockpiling effective vaccines and antibiotics, were never taken. Even in the past five years, when the possibility of some sort of terrorist attack using chemical or biological agents became increasingly credible, research into vaccines and antitoxins never received urgent or even expedited consideration by the Food and Drug Administration, which preferred to concentrate instead on such questions as whether or not to ban the import of unpasteurized parmesan cheese. As we now race to catch up, it is sobering to be reminded that a reasonable amount of money, wisely spent, could have markedly diminished our vulnerability.

What then to do? The third lesson to emerge from *Germs*, and in many respects the hardest to absorb, is the need to avoid panic. The evidence presented by Miller, Engelberg, and Broad, ghastly as it is, nevertheless shows that it is easier to grow germs than to use them, and even the best—that is, worst—designs of our enemies will not always succeed. If we continue to shut down critical public facilities every time a trace of unexplained white powder is found, we will impose upon ourselves a psychic and economic cost that, over the long run, may be greater than any but the most devastating assault could exact.

For all the importance of defensive measures, moreover, the best defense remains a good offense. The Iraqis are still working feverishly to develop germ weapons so horrible that adjectives fail. That being so, what possible justification can there be for leaving Saddam Hussein in power? How can we tolerate a Syria that actively abets terrorist organizations working on similar horrors? It is true that anthrax and extract botulinum toxin can be grown in relatively primitive labs, but to "weaponize" such toxins for the purposes of large-scale attack has so far proved to be beyond the powers of most loosely organized terrorist groups. To topple the states that harbor and support these groups may not eliminate the danger, but it will go a long way toward mitigating it.

Lastly, a lesson that goes beyond *Germs*: we also cannot afford to focus on the biological-warfare threat to the exclusion of others. Not all of our enemies are terrorists or terrorist states, and neither are terrorists helpless *without* biological weapons, as the attack on the World Trade Center demonstrates. The United States has lived complacently for too long in the belief that the seas protect our continent-island sanctuary. Along with other recent events, this excellent book is a very powerful alarm bell.

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One Flesh

The Broken Hearth:
Reversing the Moral Collapse
of the American Family
by William J. Bennett
Doubleday. 198 pp. $22.95

Reviewed by
Kay S. Hymowitz

"Marriage is a great institution," Mae West once quipped, "but I'm not ready for an institution." In his important new book, *The Broken Hearth*, William J. Bennett, the former drug czar and the best-selling author of works like *The Book of Virtues* and *The Death of Outrage*, takes up the cause of marriage in a way that oddly recalls West's crack. His dual purpose is to remind Americans that marriage is not just a personal pact based on love but an irreplaceable social institution—and to argue as well that this institution does better at preserving and enhancing the realm of the personal than any of the many substitutes that have recently been on offer.

Bennett is certainly right to worry about the state of wedlock. The percentage of single women who walk down the aisle each year declined by a third between 1970 and 1996. As for those Americans who do not wed, they have turned to troubling and often destructive alternatives. Between 1960 and 1998 the number of cohabiting, unmarried couples increased ten-fold, with more than a third of these households containing children. Indeed, a third of all births in the U.S. today are to unmarried women, and the percentage of such births rose in all age groups in every part of the country throughout the 1990's.

For Bennett, this severing of marriage from procreation and childrearing—a split that has occurred in the historical instant of just four decades—is nothing less than a social "cataclysm." As he sees it, those who argue that marriage, divorce, and family questions in general are strictly private matters, outside the purview of public debate, fail to grasp the overriding interest that any human community has in protecting mothers and their children and in ensuring the effective socialization of the next generation—a task that marriage uniquely performs.

Like most other writers venturing into these waters, Bennett relies on the latest findings of historians, anthropologists, biologists, and social scientists. What sets his book apart is the attention he pays to religious teachings. In both the Jewish and Christian traditions, he points out, we find unrivalled expressions of the

Kay S. Hymowitz *is a contributing editor of* City Journal *and the author of* Ready or Not: What Happens When We Treat Children as Small Adults.

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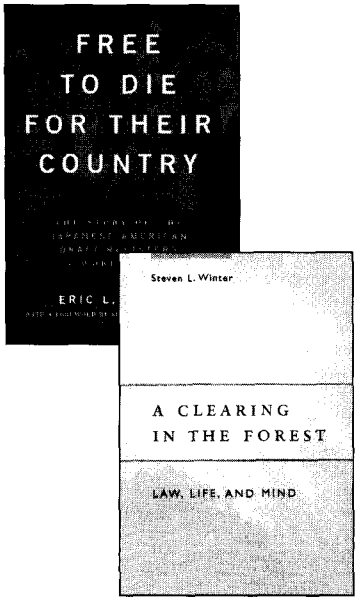

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notion that marriage is the best means for propagating humankind. More surprisingly perhaps, Bennett also shows how these traditions—through, for example, the teaching of Genesis that a man becomes "one flesh" with his wife, or the Church's view of marriage as an indissoluble, sacramental bond—provide the earliest glimmer of the idea that in fulfilling the needs of society, matrimony also meets the longing of individuals for a deep emotional connection.

Though spousal affection has always been a part of at least some marriages, it took more than a millennium, Bennett suggests, before something resembling our own marital ideal of free consent, intimacy, and equality began to emerge. In the late 17th and early 18th centuries, couples began to choose their own mates based on love. At the same time, economic changes meant that households were increasingly reduced, for both better and worse, to what Bennett calls "the minimal family unit"—father, mother, and children. In the United States, this nuclear model of the family became a powerful norm, reflecting and reinforcing our commitment to personal freedom.

Bennett devotes the central chapters of *The Broken Hearth* to the three present-day trends that he views as the most formidable threats to the age-old child-centered understanding of marriage. The first of these is the spectacular rise in illegitimacy, fatherlessness, and cohabitation.

Starting in the 1960's, Bennett recounts, Americans increasingly came to believe that in intimate relations, affection and commitment mattered much more than formalities like a marriage license. After all, why could not a woman provide a loving environment for a child by herself? And why, if a man and woman loved each other, did they need the sanction of the state? For many Americans, the institutional nature of marriage made it incompatible with authentic emotional expression. As Bennett quotes one cohabiting thirty-something, "We didn't want a relationship based on some false sense of security."

Yet, Bennett compellingly demonstrates, none of these alternative arrangements has been nearly as successful at rearing healthy children—*or*, significantly, at promoting adult happiness. The problem is not just single motherhood, as one might conclude from the nation's editorial pages. Cohabiting relationships, Bennett reports, are little better, usually resulting in more fragile ties to relatives and the wider community, as well as in higher

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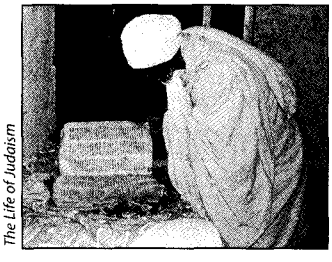

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rates of domestic violence, infidelity, and poverty.

A second serious threat to the traditional family, according to Bennett, is homosexual marriage. Here he rejects the case made by writers like Andrew Sullivan and Jonathan Rauch, who believe that, by lending much-needed legitimacy to same-sex relationships, marriage would stabilize them and discourage promiscuity. Bennett finds the argument disingenuous. How, he wonders, could the most radical change to marriage in all of human history possibly have a conservatizing effect?

Insofar as homosexuals want to marry because they wish to be parents, they assume (as do the enthusiasts of single motherhood) that it does not matter who raises a child, because, as the bumper sticker says, "love makes a family." Bennett pulls no punches in responding to this view. Though he makes a strong plea for tolerance, his bottom line is that homosexuality is morally inferior to heterosexuality, for there is in the traditional family a "natural complementarity between men and women." The only way to oppose gay marriage, he argues, is to question the character of gay love.

The final threat discussed by Bennett is divorce. As he is well aware, this is where a large number of his own followers may part company with him. For many Americans, the untrammeled right to leave a marriage is a necessary element in the pursuit of happiness; Jefferson himself referred to "the liberty of divorce." By the 1920's America's divorce rate was already far higher than that of the rest of the world, and by the 1970's, close to half of all marriages in the country were ending in divorce. Since then even the churches, long the leading advocates of marital commitment, have been reluctant to warn their congregants about the dangers of broken marriages.

Yet, as Bennett demonstrates, divorce harms children in much the same way that illegitimacy and fatherlessness do, leading to a greater risk of poverty, depression, academic failure, and poor relations with parents. Nor, despite some survey findings to the contrary, is Bennett persuaded that divorce has even added to the contentment of the adults who have chosen it. Why else would they be so much more likely than their married peers to suffer from suicide, substance abuse, and premature death? There are, Bennett concludes, as many unhappy marriages today as ever before, divorce remains acrimonious, and young mothers, faced with the possibility of a broken marriage, often feel forced to work as a defense against potential future impoverishment.

FOR READERS conversant with the current debate over the American family, much of *The Broken Hearth* will be familiar. Although it marshals social-scientific evidence, Bennett's aim is clearly not to add to the scholarly literature on the subject but to offer a manifesto to the broader audience he has been so successful at reaching in his previous work. This in itself is an eminently worthwhile goal. After all, a decade's worth of important research on the dire effects of family fragmentation has had only a marginal impact on our attitudes about marriage. At this point, what is more urgently needed is an appeal to America's heart and conscience, and no one is better equipped than Bennett to make that appeal.

On these terms, *The Broken Hearth* is surely a success, if not quite a complete one. The difficulty Bennett faces is that, far from rejecting marriage, most Americans remain deeply sentimental about it. They cling to one side of the West's (as opposed to Mae West's) grand moral vision: the notion that only in a spouse can one find individual emotional fulfillment. Thus, according to *The State of Our Unions*, a publication of the National Marriage Project, the vast majority of young people are looking for a "soulmate—an intensely private spiritualized union." Eighty percent also believe that marriage is the business of no one but the two people involved, while 45 percent agree the government should not be involved in licensing marriages or giving married couples special privileges. In other words, Americans think marriage is a great institution; they're just not ready for an institution.

Bennett recognizes the challenge. On the one hand, he tries to place marriage in a more realistic light. Pointing to the danger of demanding too much from our partners, he observes that "many of us invest hopes in our spouses and families that can never be realized, expecting them to meet all our needs." On the other hand, invoking images of sanctity and consecration from both Jewish and Christian sources, he writes in elevated language about "the joy of giving oneself fully" to another and in praise of the transcendent ideals of permanence and exclusivity embodied in our concept of marital love.

In the end, though, as Bennett knows perhaps better than anyone else, it is not enough to encourage Americans either to reach a sober acceptance of the limits of intimacy or to rediscover the joys of intimacy within marriage-as-an-institution. What stands in most desperate need of shoring up is still another and increasingly forgotten side of marriage, namely, the difficult job of raising children well. For this momentous task, what is required above all is a set of virtues—patience, humility, and modesty—that no longer come easily to us. Inculcating them afresh will demand more than rational argument or moral exhortation; it will take a reformation of the sort that, historically, has required not just sound ideas but transformative events as well. Which is to say that, considering our present crisis, *The Broken Hearth* may have arrived at just the right time.

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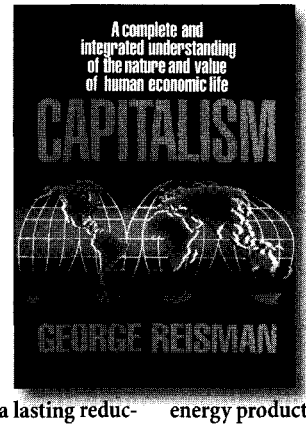
A SIMPLE SUPER-WEAPON AGAINST MIDDLE-EAST TERRORISM

BY GEORGE REISMAN

Middle Eastern terrorism rests on a foundation of financial support in the form of revenues derived from the sale of oil by the Arab members of the OPEC cartel.

It clearly follows that the key to choking off the funds that finance terrorism is to reduce as much as possible the funds now flowing to OPEC. Based on an annual OPEC production of about 11 billion barrels of oil, every dollar that the average annual price of a barrel of oil can be made to fall means approximately $11 billion dollars a year less going to OPEC—and thus correspondingly less money directly or indirectly available with which to finance terrorism.



The means are readily available to bring about a lasting reduction in the price of oil to at least somewhere below $20 per barrel and probably to below $10 per barrel.

What makes possible the potential for such large declines in a relatively short period of time is the very same characteristic of the demand for oil that leads to spikes in its price when its production is cut by just a small percent—namely, the so-called inelasticity of the demand for oil. This is the fact that to reduce by a relatively small amount the quantity of oil demanded, or to increase it by a relatively small amount, substantially larger changes in price are required.

It is possible to bring about a dramatic fall in the price of oil. All that is necessary is to *abolish the U.S. government's restrictions on domestic energy production inspired by the environmentalist movement.*

Consider the potential for increasing the supply of oil by opening up both the whole of the continental shelf of the United States and all of the vast so-called wildlife preserves and wilderness areas in Alaska and the rest of the country to drilling for oil.

Certainly, these sources could soon very easily increase the world's supply of oil by the few percent needed to make the price of oil plunge. And to the extent that OPEC sought to prevent a fall in price by equivalently curtailing its own production, it would be deprived of the full amount of the revenues it had earned on that production.

In addition, any maintenance of the high price by OPEC would serve only to put revenues and profits that it had been earning into the pockets of its American competitors, who would thereby have the financial means as well as the incentive to further expand at OPEC's expense.

Abolishing our restrictions on coal and natural gas production and on atomic power would further compound OPEC's problems. This is because any expansion in the supply of these competing sources of energy and fall in their price serves to reduce the quantity of oil demanded at any given price of oil. The result is that, in the face of a fall in the demand for oil, any given production of oil can be sold only at a lower price than would otherwise be possible.

In other words, the price of oil would fall not only because of an increase in its supply but also because of the decrease in the demand for oil that would result from the increase in the supply of coal, natural gas, and atomic power. There would be a larger supply of energy in general and a fall in the price of energy in general.

In an environment of economic freedom for energy production in the United States, OPEC would lose all incentive to maintain the price of oil at anywhere near its present level by reducing the quantity of oil it produced.

This is because it would then have to reduce its production by an amount equal not only to the expansion of oil production in the United States but also to the reduction in the quantity of oil demanded because of the increase in the supply and fall in price of competing sources of energy. The magnitude of reduction in its production of oil that would be required to offset all of this expansion would be too great to make the reduction worthwhile to OPEC.

Had the United States pursued a policy of economic freedom with respect to energy production over the last thirty years, the conditions for OPEC's success as a cartel would never have been present in the first place, and the accumulation of vast funds capable of supporting terrorism would never have been able to occur.

Every barrel of oil that the environmentalists have succeeded in getting the U.S. government not to allow to be produced, every ton of coal that they have prevented from being mined, every atomic power plant whose construction they have stopped, has served to make oil scarcer and more expensive and consequently to enrich OPEC and increase the funds available for the support of terrorism.

Today, after thousands of needless deaths and major destruction of property of symbolic as well as economic value, the supporters of environmentalism are among those who must make a choice.

Which do they value more: indulging their exaggerated fear of oil spills on beaches and their boundless desire for nature untouched by man, or the lives and property of innocent victims of terrorism and, as now seems likely, the lives of hundreds and possibly thousands of young servicemen and women and the potentially enormous economic costs of a war? The environmentalists must choose.

George Reisman (www.capitalism.net) is the author of ***Capitalism: A Treatise on Economics*** ($95, Jameson Books), a book you will "want in your library if you want to know what an intelligent advocate of capitalism would say on almost any economic issue" (***Fortune*** Magazine), "brimming with original theories it is remarkable for its depth, scope and rigorous argument ***(Publishers Weekly).***

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Conspiracy

Henry Ford and the Jews: The Mass Production of Hate

by Neil Baldwin

Public Affairs. 432 pp. $27.50

Reviewed by
Jonathan D. Sarna

WHY DO they hate us? This question, all too familiar from today's headlines, is not dissimilar to one asked by American Jews in the 1920's about a homegrown purveyor of hatred, the famed industrialist Henry Ford.

JONATHAN D. SARNA *teaches American Jewish history at Brandeis University, where he directs the Sarnat Center for the Study of Anti-Jewishness. His most recent book, coedited with Pamela S. Nadell, is* Women and American Judaism *(University Press of New England).*

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Ford was no terrorist, and his depredations were verbal rather than physical, but as Neil Baldwin demonstrates in this timely book, the automaker's anti-Semitic ravings, published serially in the newspaper he owned, along with the mass distribution he gave to the notorious forgery known as *The Protocols of the Elders of Zion*, wrought untold damage in their day.

The series began in Ford's paper, the *Dearborn Independent*, on May 22, 1920, continued for 91 successive weeks, and was published immediately in book form as *The International Jew* (4 volumes, 1920-1922). The result was a palpable increase in anti-Semitic discrimination: to cite but one example documented by the historian Leonard Dinnerstein, the number of "Christians-only" advertisements in newspapers rose sharply.

In Germany, Adolf Hitler read Ford's writings in translation in the 1920's and cited them approvingly. He subsequently hung Ford's portrait in the waiting room of his private office, and in 1938, as chancellor, awarded him the *Verdienstkreuz Deutscher Adler*, "the highest honor given by Germany to distinguished foreigners." To this day, Ford's writings are sold in some Arab countries as well as in Latin America. All told, *The International Jew* has appeared in sixteen different languages and has been distributed in millions of copies. Like so many other classic works of hatred, it is now accessible to fanatics everywhere on the Internet.

THE FACTS concerning Henry Ford's virulent anti-Semitism, the humiliating public apology he was forced to make in 1927, and his subsequent private sponsorship of such notable hate-mongers as Father Charles Coughlin (the "radio priest") and the Reverend Gerald L.K. Smith (the "minister of hate") have been addressed by a number of writers. Neil Baldwin ably synthesizes the literature and adds fresh details. Thus, Ford's highly publicized apology (drafted for him by Louis Marshall, then the president of the American Jewish Committee) turns out to have been motivated not only by a fear of lawsuits, several of which had been brought against him by Jews whom he had unfairly maligned, but also by a desire to shift the public's perception of him and his company. Anti-Semitism, in short, had proved bad for business.

In his apology, Ford promised "that the pamphlets which have been distributed throughout the country and in foreign lands will be withdrawn from circulation [and] that in every way possible I will make it known that they have my unqualified disapproval." As Baldwin shows, that never happened. Ford did very little to stop the spread of *The International Jew* abroad, and even warned on at least one occasion that "I might have to go after those Jews again." Complaining to friends that "the Jews" were persecuting him, he remained enmeshed in anti-Semitic activities down to his death in 1947.

But how and why did this brilliant inventor, who knew scarcely any Jews at all before he was twenty, come so to hate them? What caused him to see the "international Jew" as the "virtual ruler of many countries" and the fountainhead of all of the world's problems, from war to economic woes to changing sexual mores?

The answer is hardly obvious. Previous writers on the subject have had to content themselves with calling the origins of Ford's anti-Semitism "obscure," his motivations "unclear." The absence of critical Ford company records, many of which were intentionally destroyed, only deepens the mystery. Yet Baldwin, who has written illuminatingly on Thomas Alva Edison and his prejudices (some of them also anti-Semitic), is not easily daunted.

Baldwin begins in "McGuffeyland": the "ordered, rigid, and straightforward" world conjured up

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for millions of 19th-century American schoolchildren by the famed *Readers* compiled by William Holmes McGuffey. Ford first encountered Jews through McGuffey, and the Jews he encountered there included the "alien" Shylock ("an inhuman wretch, incapable of pity"), the opponents of the apostle Paul ("the Jews caught me in the temple and went about to kill me"), and a variety of other unfortunates lusting for gold and "strangers to the morality contained in the Gospel."

Ford, it seems, memorized much of McGuffey, collected and reprinted his works, and in 1934 even had McGuffey's birthplace reassembled and enshrined at Greenfield Village, his quirky museum of Americana. Throughout his life, Baldwin suggests, the automaker carried with him the stereotypes that he had imbibed from McGuffey.

Of course, Baldwin goes on to acknowledge, "it is one matter to be exposed to biased images and received impressions," as millions of McGuffey-reading Americans were. It is "quite another to harbor them, and then quite another to assimilate, believe—and give vent to them." Here he summons to the witness stand two of Ford's most trusted lieutenants: Ernest G. Liebold and William J. Cameron. These men, he argues, played a central part in tipping Ford toward public anti-Semitism. Without them, he, like Edison, might have kept his prejudices more to himself.

Liebold, a German Lutheran known in Ford's circles as "the Prussian martinet," served as Ford's personal secretary and alter ego. He screened Ford's visitors, answered his correspondence, shielded him from critics, and in general carried out his dirty work. He also introduced him to known anti-Semites and coined the phrase—"the international Jew"—which would become Ford's best-known contribution to anti-Semitic rhetoric. As Baldwin demonstrates conclusively, Liebold not only pushed his boss's anti-Semitism to new heights but also concealed from him the firestorm of criticism it ignited.

Cameron, a gifted journalist and wordsmith, added liberal doses of his own theology to Ford's populist, anti-intellectual brew. He was a follower of a 19th-century British religious movement, the "British Israelites," which held that the Anglo-Saxons had descended from the ten lost tribes of Israel and were God's true chosen people, whereas "Modern Hebrews" were subversive usurpers. Anticipating Nazi-era theologians, the British Israelites insisted that Jesus himself was not a Jew but an Anglo-Saxon or Celt. As Ford's paper duly reported, the two nations, Israel and Anglo-Saxondom, representing respectively the forces of evil and good in the world, were ultimately destined to clash in a great war, "the real Armageddon."

How much of this Ford read or understood is debatable. As previous biographers have shown, his mind never expanded much beyond McGuffey's *Readers*. For most matters, he preferred to rely not on books but on intuition, and when that failed he would borrow ideas from trusted associates.

A possible exception was Ford's specific conviction, developed sometime around World War I, that "Jewish moneylenders" had gained control of the world's economy and that "German-Jewish bankers" were plunging the world into war. Baldwin believes (as did Louis Marshall) that the prime influence here was not Liebold or Cameron but David Starr Jordan, the first president of Stanford University, a world-renowned ichthyologist, and a leading pacifist and racist. In a 1912 book, Jordan argued that an "unseen empire" of Jewish bankers had gained control of the financial affairs of Europe,

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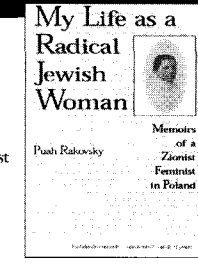

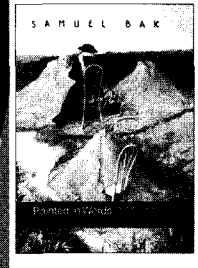

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and was determining questions of war and peace. His ideas added still another ingredient to the stew dished up by Ford a few years later.

AS WITH all conspiracy theories, Ford's reduced the world's complexity to simplicity, personified the "unseen" forces that were destroying traditional ways of life, and fashioned an appropriately demonic scapegoat. The irony, largely overlooked by Baldwin, is that the man who thus took the lead in championing the old, pre-industrial world against modernity and all its works was himself a prime agent of the changes he decried. Even as Ford's newspaper attacked large corporations, Ford presided over one of the largest. Although the very word "international" was a term of abuse in Ford's lexicon, his company's interests reached around the world. And as for the social mores that Ford denounced and blamed on the Jews—changed styles in dress and music, the transformation of home and family life, the recasting of American business and agriculture, and much more—the automobiles and tractors that rolled off his assembly lines actually played a far greater role in introducing them.

At an unconscious level, then, did Ford's hatred of Jews mask an ambivalence over what he himself had powerfully helped to bring into the world by exploiting and extending the forces of modernization? Preferring to let the facts speak for themselves, Baldwin largely avoids such theorizing. Only in his afterword does he speculate, not altogether persuasively, that Ford found in the Jews "a target to blame for his boredom, disillusionment, and middle-aged unhappiness." Even less persuasively, he writes that with the decline of anti-Semitism in America, the story of Henry Ford and the Jews has begun "to take on an antique patina as an object lesson representing a bygone era." Reading this book about a millionaire industrialist turned obsessive fanatic, I found the object lesson, in the aftermath of September 11, anything but antique.

Grand Strategy

Special Providence: American Foreign Policy and How it Changed the World
by Walter Russell Mead
Knopf. 345 pp. $30.00

Reviewed by
Jacob Heilbrunn

FEW NOTIONS have been more persistent than the idea of American innocence abroad. The British historian and diplomat Lord Bryce once likened America's interest in the rest of the world to the traveler's report about snakes in Ireland: "There are no snakes in Ireland." More recently, Henry Kissinger has written that in its international dealings, the U.S. has been "torn between nostalgia for a pristine past and yearning for a perfect future," and thus "has oscillated between isolationism and commitment." Since September 11, such verdicts have acquired new force as the news media depict the country as having been on holiday for much of the 1990's.

Yet the last decade was not a period of American withdrawal from the world. On the contrary, the Clinton administration invaded Somalia, stationed a flotilla off Haiti, drove the Serbs from Kosovo, and bombed Somalia, Afghanistan, and the Sudan. As for the new Bush administration, the main complaint from Europe before September 11 was not that the U.S. was disengaged but that it was unilateralist, wantonly exercising its hegemonic power.

Nor were the 1990's exceptional in some way. As Walter Russell Mead argues in *Special Providence*, America has *never* been indifferent to foreign affairs. A senior fellow at the Council on Foreign Relations, Mead seeks to trace and explain the rise of American power, and to endorse its more vigorous use. For Mead, whose first book, *Mortal Splendor* (1987), argued that the U.S. had overextended itself in the world and was headed for a crash, this represents something of a U-turn. As he now sees things, the key to America's continued success in international affairs is a fuller appreciation of our own considerable foreign-policy traditions.

SOME OF Mead's most illuminating chapters cover early American diplomacy. Not only has foreign policy always occupied a prominent place in our national councils, but most of the country's early statesmen spent a good part of their careers dealing with foreign powers. Of the first nine Presidents, Mead reminds us, six had served previously as secretary of state, and seven as ministers abroad. Still others—George Washington, Andrew Jackson, William Henry Harrison, and Zachary Taylor—had earned fame for commanding troops in the field. Experience in war, whether against the British, Indians, or Mexicans, was the norm, not the exception. In light of this record, Mead observes, it is little wonder that "within a generation after the Civil War, the United States became a recognized world power while establishing an unchallenged hegemony in the Western hemisphere."

Why have these chapters of our history been scanted or ignored? When it comes to European observers, Mead believes, sheer snobbery accounts for much of the disdain expressed for U.S. achievements in foreign policy. At home, he blames the "deep lack of interest in the history of American foreign policy" on the pervasiveness of European classical-realist thought in

JACOB HEILBRUNN *is a member of the editorial board of the* Los Angeles Times.

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both government and the universities. For practitioners of realism like Kissinger and Richard Nixon, he contends, American history is irrelevant; statecraft is the work of brooding statesmen, individuals exempt from national traditions (and conventional morality) who manipulate countries like pawns on a chessboard.

As Mead sees it, the U.S. needs to emancipate itself from this destructive and influential paradigm and return to its native foreign-policy traditions. In this connection, he identifies four distinct strains of thought.

The first is Hamiltonianism, which calls for a strong alliance between national government and big business as the key to great-power status. This school reached its zenith under Theodore Roosevelt, Henry Cabot Lodge, and General Leonard Wood, who at the turn of the 19th century sought to expand American markets and intervened aggressively in the Philippines and South America.

The second is Wilsonianism, which maintains that the U.S. has a moral duty and national interest in disseminating American values around the globe. Mead credits Wilsonianism with having prompted both Jimmy Carter and Ronald Reagan to push for human rights in the Soviet Union. "Even the arch-realist Kissinger himself," Mead observes, "now takes pride in the Helsinki Accords, which realists once dismissed or condemned."

The third school of thought is Jeffersonianism, which holds that America should not undertake to hector the rest of the world before purifying its own flawed democracy. The strength of Jeffersonianism, according to Mead, is its insistence on defining the national interest narrowly and avoiding fruitless battles abroad.

Finally, there is the Jacksonian school, which Mead depicts as the hidden motor of much of American foreign policy—and our best guide for the future. Jacksonianism, Mead contends, has eluded previous scholars, largely because of its origins in the country's substantial Scotch-Irish community. It is

> less an intellectual or political movement than it is an expression of the social, cultural, and religious values of a large portion of the American public. Jacksonianism is doubly obscure because it happens to be rooted in one of the portions of the public least represented in the media and the professoriat. Jacksonian America is a folk community with a strong sense of common values and common destiny, pe-

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100+ Years of Zionism and 50+ Years of Israel What Can the World Learn from It?

With Israel once again under attack, engaged for over one year in the Al-Aksa Intifada, it is time to reflect on the singular success of the Jewish state. Political Zionism was started in 1894 by Theodor Herzl, a journalist and thoroughly assimilated Austrian Jew, who was assigned by his Vienna paper to cover the notorious Dreyfus trial in France. The experience of seeing this Jewish officer being railroaded to a life sentence on Devil's Island led him to the recognition that life for Jews in Europe was untenable and that the solution of the "Jewish problem" lay in the establishment of a Jewish state in Palestine.

What are the facts?

The Birth of a Dream. The return to Zion had for 2,000 years been the dream of Europe's dispersed Jews, the only hope in their miserable lives. "Next year in Jerusalem" had always been the watchword. But nothing was done to bring this dream to reality. Theodor Herzl organized the first Zionist Congress in Basel (Switzerland) in 1897 and political Zionism was born.

The concept of creating a new nation in what was then a sparsely-settled country was something totally new, never before attempted in the history of mankind. But Herzl's vision fired up world Jewry and especially the Jews of eastern Europe, who were despairing under the yoke of Russian oppression and recurring pogroms. Energized by Zionist aspirations, British Foreign Secretary Lord Balfour issued his famous Declaration in 1917, by which Palestine was established as a national home for the Jewish people. In 1922, the League of Nations entrusted Britain with the Mandate for Palestine. Regrettably, and contrary to the Balfour Declaration and the requirement of the Mandate, Britain decided that the provisions for setting up a Jewish national home would not apply east of the Jordan River. That area constituted three-fourths of the territory of the Mandate and eventually became the Hashemite Kingdom of Transjordan. Only one-quarter of Palestine remained to fulfill the Jewish dream.

A Nation is Born and Succeeds. The modern state of Israel was founded in May 1948, just over 53 years ago—fifty years after Herzl formulated the concept. Immediately upon its creation, the country was invaded by the armies of five Arab countries. With a total Jewish population of only about 650,000, and with limited armaments and resources, the ragtag army of Israel defeated the combined might of the aggressors and established itself firmly within its boundaries. Transjordan (now renamed Jordan) stayed in possession of Judea/Samaria (now known as the "West Bank") and the eastern part of Jerusalem. Egypt occupied the Gaza Strip. The price was very high. In this bloodiest of wars imposed on Israel, over 6,000 citizen-soldiers died -- over 1% of the population. It is as if the United States were to suffer a loss of close to 3 million people! It was not the only war that its neighbors visited on Israel. In the Six-Day War of 1967, Israel once again prevailed; it repossessed Judea/Samaria (the "West Bank"), the eastern part of Jerusalem, and conquered the vast Sinai Peninsula and the Golan Heights. And once more, in 1973, the Arabs tried to destroy Israel in the Yom Kippur War. Once more, they suffered defeat.

> "One would think that the world, especially the emerging nations, would wish to learn from Israel's example, so as to emulate its achievement. Unfortunately, almost the exact opposite is the case."

Despite being under constant attack and siege and having suffered over 20,000 dead in those defensive wars, Israel created social and political systems and an economy that continues to amaze experts worldwide. Israel is the only truly democratic country in the entire Middle East, with governmental structure and institutions comparable to those of the United States. Its economy—despite the enormous defense expenditures mandated by the aggressiveness of its neighbors and despite the effort and expense of having absorbed more than 2.5 million immigrants (four times the population at the creation of the state)—can only be described as a miracle of human accomplishment. Virtually everything—infrastructure such as roads, railroads, ports, airports, water carriers, electricity stations and distribution networks—had to be built from a minimal base. Today, Israel's economy is booming. It is a leader in high-tech technology; it has created one of the most advanced agricultural systems in the world; it is one of world leaders in economic growth rate; it has one of the highest per-capita incomes in the world; and it is the world leader in exports per capita.

We have in this century seen the demise of many "isms", the most prominent failures being those of Communism and Nazism. But Zionism, the national movement of the Jewish people, has flourished despite incredible obstacles—to an extent that the visionary Theodor Herzl could not have possibly imagined 100 years ago. One would think that the world, especially the emerging nations, would wish to learn from Israel's example, so as to emulate its achievements. Unfortunately, almost the exact opposite is the case. Goaded by the Arab nations, inalterably hostile to Israel and single-mindedly dedicated to its destruction, the United Nations has offered more than 100 resolutions censuring and condemning Israel's actions.

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riodically led by intellectually brilliant men like [President Andrew] Jackson himself.

Mead sketches what amounts to a Jacksonian code of honor. It consists of self-reliance, equality, individualism, and courage, qualities that in foreign policy translate into a hard-headed and popularly-based realism that is opposed to merely humanitarian interventions. The Gulf war won the support of militant Jacksonian patriots; Bosnia did not. Once the U.S. was engaged in Kosovo, however, Jacksonian honor demanded that we prosecute the war successfully.

Mead is a lively and provocative thinker, and he produces the kind of work that is increasingly uncommon among political scientists; in *Special Providence*, he skillfully brings the history of American foreign affairs alive, employs anecdotes to telling effect, and shuns jargon. Most of all, he is never boring—though his predilection for grandiloquent theorizing can lead him astray, as it does here.

Where his book goes off the rails is with his theory of Jacksonianism. There is, for a start, a problem with just who the Jacksonians are. Mead never exactly says. Is George W. Bush a Jacksonian? If so, was he a Jacksonian before September 11, when he advocated unilateralism—or is he a Jacksonian now that he is pursuing a war against terrorism with an international coalition? What distinguishes Jacksonianism from the traditional categories of American policy, especially from realism *tout court*, or even (to use Mead's own nomenclature) from Hamiltonianism?

Nor does Mead convincingly demonstrate that Jacksonian traditions have played so pivotal a role in American foreign policy. George Bush, Sr., he tells us, lost the 1992 election to Bill Clinton because, refusing to invade Baghdad at the end of the Gulf war, he ignored the demands of the Jacksonians. But was it not Bush's passivity in the face of a recession that cost him the election ("It's the economy, stupid")? Mead even associates the reaction to Pearl Harbor with the Jacksonian impulse: the Japanese attack, he writes, "enraged Jacksonians." Well, no doubt. But it enraged all Americans, just as the attack on the World Trade Center has now roused Americans to combat. What nation, Jacksonian or not, would have remained indifferent?

Worst of all, by framing his case in terms of Jacksonian honor, Mead falls victim to the sort of abstract theorizing that he rightly condemns in much foreign-policy analysis. Like his fellow theorizers, whether realists or humanitarian interventionists, Mead wants the U.S. to pursue a grand strategy. But while he and they are debating means and ends, events are having their wonted effect, and the continuities that Mead rightly discerns in our foreign policy are propelling us back onto the world stage. As all parties to the debate can agree, it is a stage we never left.

No Regrets

Fugitive Days:
A Memoir
by Bill Ayers
Beacon Press. 293 pp. $24.00

Reviewed by
Harvey Klehr

This memoir by Bill Ayers, an active terrorist in the late 1960's and 1970's, is, he admits, "not exactly" the truth, although he adds that "it feels entirely honest to me." Well, however it may "feel" to Ayers, it is both untrue and thoroughly dishonest.

Born in 1945, reared in an affluent Chicago suburb as the son of a successful business executive, Ayers

Harvey Klehr *is the Andrew W. Mellon professor of politics and history at Emory University.*

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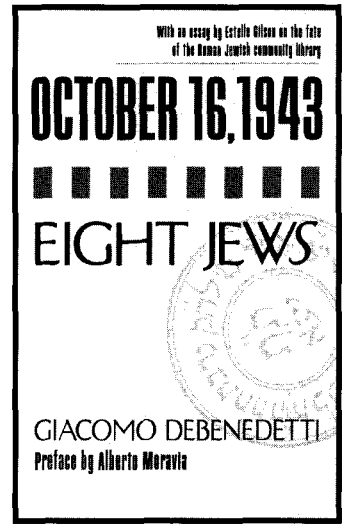
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dropped out of the University of Michigan after only a few months to travel south to New Orleans, ostensibly to become involved in the burgeoning civil-rights movement of the early 1960's. Instead, he joined the Merchant Marine and for a while seemed even to be thinking of volunteering to serve in Vietnam. But within a very brief period he returned to Ann Arbor, and there, for reasons he does not clearly explain, he was drawn into the anti-war movement, joined Students for a Democratic Society (SDS), and was promptly arrested for occupying a local draft board.

The next few years found Ayers teaching at an alternative school for children, moving to Cleveland to join an SDS effort at building a community organization among blacks, and then, back in Ann Arbor once more, eagerly participating in every anti-war demonstration, getting himself arrested frequently, and, together with his small "affinity group," beginning to think about bombs and revolution.

SDS started to splinter apart in 1968, and it disintegrated the following year. All of the warring factions proclaimed themselves to be revolutionary Communists; none of them exhibited much of a grip on reality. Thus, the Progressive Labor group, denouncing such "bourgeois indulgences" as drugs and long hair, argued for a wildly improbable alliance of university students and blue-collar workers. The Revolutionary Youth movement focused more narrowly on convincing working-class young people to become the vanguard of revolution. And then there were the Weathermen, later renamed the Weather Underground, who took their name from a line in a song by Bob Dylan ("you don't need a weatherman to know which way the wind blows") and dedicated themselves to "armed struggle" on behalf of American blacks.

The Weathermen had a coming-out party in Chicago in October 1969 when some 600 demonstrators rampaged in the streets in what became known as the "days of rage." Soon afterward, 400 participants at a "war council" in Flint, Michigan made plans to go underground and initiate the revolution. A Weatherman collective located in New York and headed by Terry Robbins, who was Ayers's best friend, quickly staged an unsuccessful firebombing at the home of a judge presiding over the trial of several black radicals accused of plotting to destroy New York landmarks.

In March 1970, another very powerful bomb being prepared by this same group exploded prematurely in a Greenwich Village townhouse, killing Robbins and two others, including Diana Oughton, Ayers's former lover. (In line with the Weathermen's declared determination to "smash monogamy," both had also had numerous other partners.) One of the two survivors of the blast was Kathy Boudin, today serving a twenty-year-to-life prison sentence for her part in a 1982 robbery in Nyack, New York that left two policemen and a Brinks security guard dead.

At the time, the loss of their comrades precipitated few second thoughts among the Weathermen. Under the leadership of Bernardine Dohrn, they continued to insist that "revolutionary violence was the only way." In the early 1970's the Weather Underground carried out a series of bombings, its targets ranging from the home offices of American corporations to the headquarters of the New York City police, the Presidio Army base in San Francisco, the Capitol in Washington (where Dohrn and Boudin planted a device in a woman's restroom), and the Pentagon.

But the Weather Underground's extremism was also beginning to alienate even its most dedicated supporters on the Left, and soon a fierce factional struggle broke out within the ranks. Ayers, Dohrn, and several others were subjected to a purge trial and forced to make abject confessions of guilt for such sins as white chauvinism and counter-revolutionism before being expelled. By 1977, the Weather Underground's new leader, Clayton Van Lydegraf, had been arrested along with four other members on charges of plotting to bomb the office of a California state senator. Ayers and Dohrn, now married to each other, finally surfaced in 1980, were duly investigated by the FBI, and were essentially let off, although Dohrn was given three years' probation.

FUGITIVE DAYS is remarkably vague about many of the key events in the life of the Weathermen. Ayers himself admits to "a blurring of details" in order to protect others who broke the law. In discussing the townhouse explosion, for example, he does not even name Kathy Boudin, no doubt because at the time he was writing his book she was seeking parole from prison (since denied). He also employs pseudonyms for several of his fellow bombers, including Dohrn, and disguises the identity of others for no evident reason. (One of them, a Weather Underground leader named John Jacobs, died in October 1997 in Vancouver where he had lived for years under the name Wayne Curry, supporting himself as a smalltime dealer in marijuana.)

More significantly, Ayers simply omits a number of events and personalities altogether. Thus, there is no mention of the 1969 war council where Dohrn called for "armed struggle" and Jacobs vowed to "loot and burn and destroy." There is not a word about Van Lydegraf, or about Ayers's ordeal of self-abasement; a reader of *Fugitive Days* with no independent knowledge of the purge would conclude that he and Dohrn simply meandered out of the Weather Underground. Ayers does indicate, correctly, that all of the charges against them were subsequently dropped due to government misconduct, and it is certainly true

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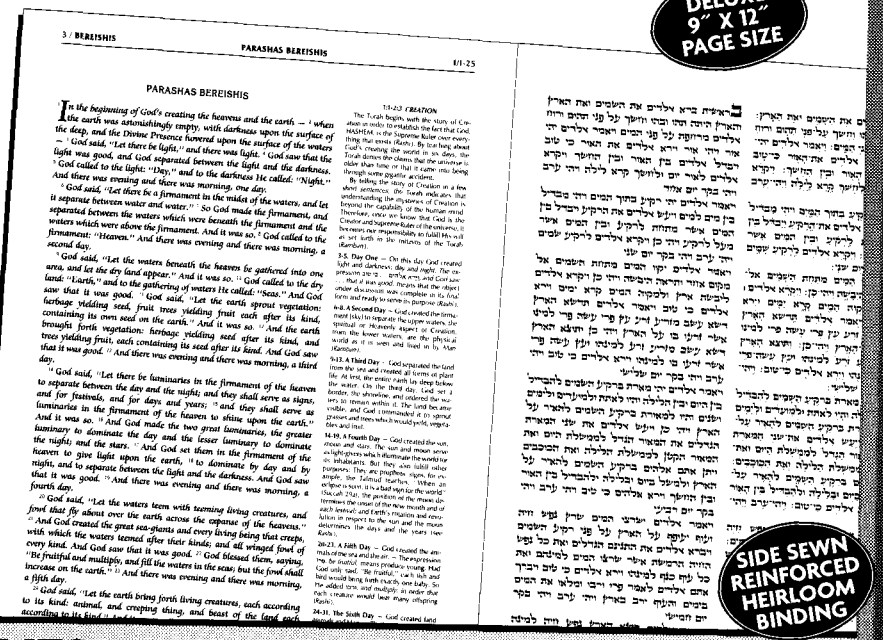

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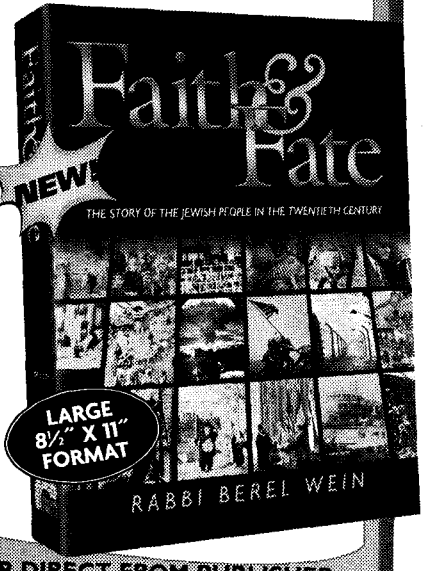

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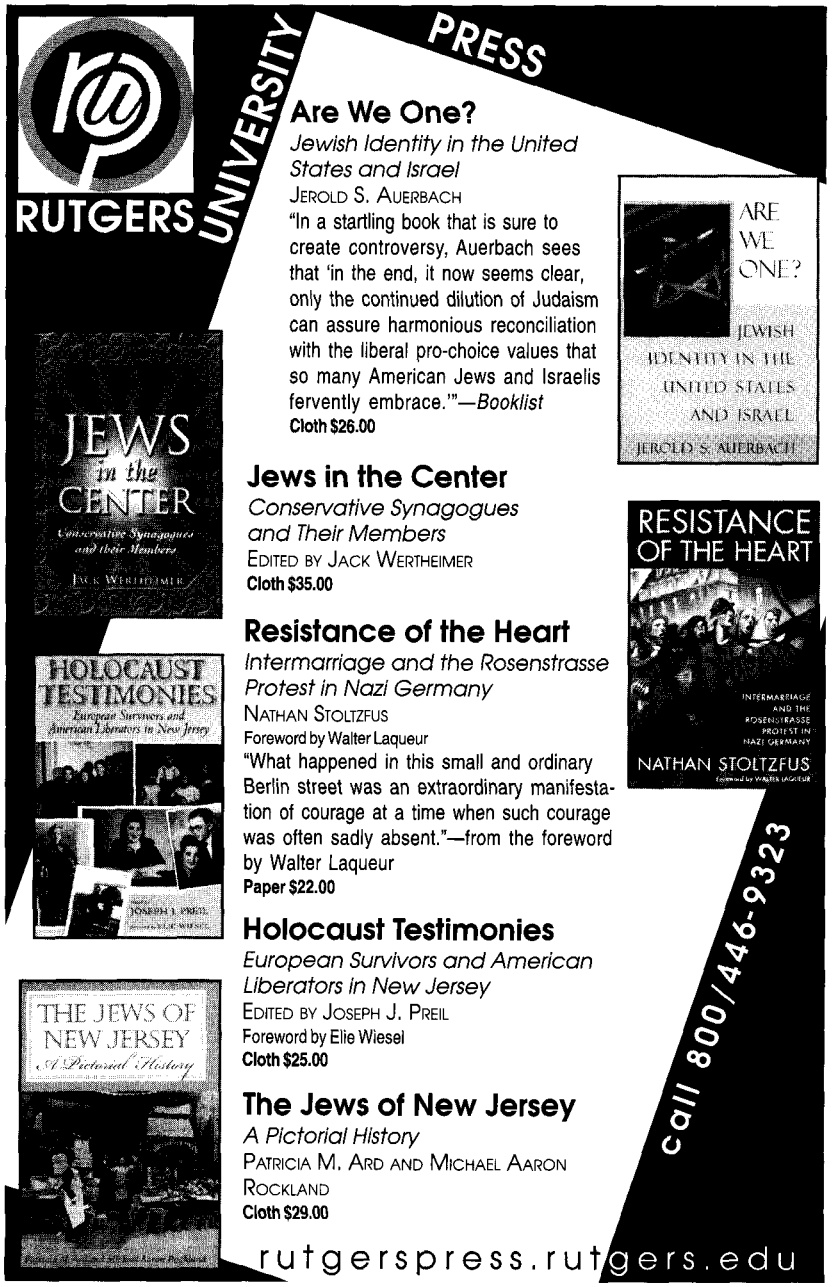
that he himself got off scot-free, proclaiming afterward: "Guilty as hell, free as a bird—it's a great country." But he neglects to mention Dohrn's probation, which was for crimes committed during the 1969 "days of rage" when the Weathermen indiscriminately attacked police, trashed stores, and vandalized cars and property in Chicago. He also fails to record that Dohrn served seven months in prison for refusing to cooperate with a grand jury investigating the Brinks holdup. The police had evidence linking her to the false identifications used to rent the getaway cars.

Even when recounting events more or less accurately, Ayers eschews any responsibility for the violence or destruction he and his comrades wrought. Describing the "days of rage," he complains about the *police*, whose "violence," he writes, "crescendoed." Missing is the name of Richard Elrod, a Chicago city official who was left permanently disabled from a clash with a Weatherman. To commemorate this heroic achievement, the group wrote a lyric to be sung to the tune of Dylan's "Lay, Lady, Lay." It went: "Stay, Elrod, stay, stay in your iron lung / Play, Elrod, play, play with your toes for a while."

Picturing the Weathermen as dewy-eyed idealists, Ayers grudgingly admits that their commitment to a primitive Marxism-Leninism betrayed a certain "inflexibility." About their glorification of violence, he simply lies, here and elsewhere. Nowhere in this memoir does he mention his wife's infamous 1969 paean to the Charles Manson gang for its murder of the actress Sharon Tate and others. ("Dig it!" Dohrn exulted, "Manson killed those pigs, then they ate dinner in the same room with them, then they shoved a fork into a victim's stomach. Wild!") In interviews, Ayers has insouciantly brushed off his 1970 appeal to young people to "kill your parents" and "kill all the rich people" as a "joke about the distribution of wealth."

Which brings us to September 11, 2001, the day of the worst terrorist attack in American history. On that very morning, by a horrible irony, the *New York Times* had seen fit to publish a fawning interview with Bill Ayers in connection with the publication of this book. Embellished with a large color photograph of Ayers and Dohrn, the article showcased his frank avowal that even today "I don't regret setting bombs . . . I feel we didn't do enough," while also noting that he "still has the ebullient, ingratiating manner, the apparently intense interest in other people, that made him a charismatic figure in the radical student movement."

A few days later, the *Times Sunday Magazine*, which had likewise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gone to press before the September 11 attack, offered up still another adoring account of Ayers, this one by a reporter, Hope Reeves, whose parents had both been Weathermen. In it, he lamented the absence of a "mass uprising" last year to protest the outcome of the presidential election.

Nor was the *Times* alone in its nostalgia for the madcap legacy of the Weathermen. In its own profile, the *Chicago Tribune* lauded the "charming, compassionate, and funny" Ayers as "a whiz with children, a pleasure for adults to be around." The *Chronicle of Higher Education* printed an excerpt from his book—it was the section describing the bombing of the Pentagon, no less—while in the *New York Observer* Ron Rosenbaum wrote of his admiration for "the way so many of [the Weathermen] have emerged from the underground without betraying their principles—or each other."

To be sure, the deaths of thousands of people, and in buildings once regarded by the Weathermen as legitimate targets of terrorist activity, rapidly sent Ayers into damage-control mode. In letters to the *Times* and the *Chronicle*, he protested that his book was intended not as a celebration but "a condemnation of terrorism in all its forms."

Helpfully, he also drew a distinction between "real" terrorism and what he and his comrades did, explaining that they were careful to issue telephone warnings before their bombs went off and that they did not attempt to kill "innocent human beings."

No? Although it is true that the only people killed in Weathermen bombings (as distinct from hold-ups and other violent activities) were Weathermen themselves, Ayers writes in his memoir that the bomb being manufactured in the New York townhouse was "huge, many, many sticks of dynamite . . . packed with screws and nails that would do some serious work beyond the blast, tearing through windows and walls, and yes, people, too." As David Collier and Peter Horowitz established more than a decade ago on the basis of interviews with both Ayers and other former Weathermen, the bomb, an antipersonnel device, was meant to be detonated at a dance on the U.S. army base at Fort Dix, where it would have killed hundreds of soldiers and their dates. Ayers now likes to speculate that Diana Oughton, his former lover, had developed moral qualms about the planned action and may have set the bomb off deliberately. Unfortunately for this dreamy conceit, what prevented mass slaughter was not altruism but incompetence.

As for the "condemnation of terrorism in all its forms," here is Ayers's description in *Fugitive Days* of the bombing of the Pentagon: "the bastards were finally going to get what was coming to them." And, while "I can't quite imagine putting a bomb in a building today . . . I can't imagine entirely dismissing the possibility, either." Not without justification was the *New York Times* story headlined, "No Regrets for a Love of Explosives."

BILL AYERS currently serves as distinguished professor of education at the University of Illinois-Chicago. There, he co-directs the Small Schools Workshop with Mike Klonsky, another former SDS activist who moved on to found and lead still another radical faction, the Communist Party Marxist-Leninist (CPML), which held the "official" Chinese Communist franchise in the United States before collapsing in 1982. Klonsky's wife Susan, another CPML activist, is also on the staff, and so too is Carl Davidson, another SDS and CPML veteran who later migrated into the League for Revolutionary Struggle. Thus does American society reward those who despise it.

As it turns out, indeed, the University of Illinois takes special pride in Ayers's criminal exploits. A 1996 news release, still posted on the university's website, trumpets the fact that he was "among 300 helmeted radicals in 1969 who injured dozens of cops and destroyed cars and storefronts," and duly notes that he has taken personal credit for a number of bombings.

Queried about all this, the school's chancellor, Sylvia Manning, invokes the usual shibboleths about free speech: Ayers's "personal expression," she says, is "unrelated to his duties at UIC." But Ayers himself sees those same academic duties as direct extensions of his radical beliefs and actions. The evils against which he struggled, he is quoted as saying in the release—the evils, that is, of "racism, imperialism, materialism"—still exist today, and what his students need to do is "to turn [their] disgust into the drive for revolution."

In its own way, his university would seem to agree: "Bombs, Then Books: Ayers is Out to Shake Up Society" is the headline on its in-house newspaper about its distinguished professor of education. Would Ayers's apologists be crowing quite so loudly if the objects of his terrorist attentions had been, let us say, abortion clinics?

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Solving Shortages through Teacher Cooperatives

Paul T. Hill is a research professor at the Center on Reinventing Public Education, University of Washington; distinguished visiting fellow, Hoover Institution; and member, Hoover's Koret Task Force on K–12 Education.

Although evidence is mixed about whether there is a national shortage of teachers, big-city schools definitely have trouble finding capable people. There are also general shortages in science, mathematics, and special education.

Civil service and collective bargaining conventions prevent school systems from getting the teachers they need in three ways: by forbidding extra pay for people with rare skills; by tying pay increments to seniority rather than performance; and by emphasizing training in pedagogy over knowledge of content, even in math and science.

These problems all stem from politics and collective bargaining. One possible solution is to create a new status for teachers with rare skills. Science, mathematics, special education, and other **teachers could be employed by independent organizations, which would be vendors to the school district and provide instruction on a contract basis.** Such organizations—let's call them teacher cooperatives—could employ and provide salaries and benefits for teachers for whom the school district would pay on a contractual basis. They could pay as much as districts now pay for teachers—more than $60,000 a year, combining salaries, benefits, and expenditures for in-service training and substitutes. The cooperatives would then be responsible for recruitment, training, and compensation.

As contract employees, teachers would not be covered by the same rules on pay and certification that now constrain school districts. Younger teachers, who would receive relatively low pay as district employees, might prefer to work through cooperatives.

Teachers employed by a cooperative could be assigned to work in more than one school. Thus, an advanced physics teacher might be able to work in two or three high schools rather than just one. Some individuals might keep jobs in industry or pursue advanced degrees while working part-time as teachers. Community college faculty could also moonlight (or daylight) as schoolteachers. Cooperatives could pay more for teachers with advanced degrees than colleges and universities now pay their adjunct faculty.

Individual teachers' pay and benefits, including contributions to vested retirement accounts, could be based on scarcity of skills and individual performance, rather than on seniority. Thus, highly capable younger people, and individuals who were masters of pedagogy in one discipline, could maximize their own productivity and pay.

Cooperatives—with strong incentives to use teachers' time as efficiently as possible—would assign teachers only to those courses that they taught especially well. Cooperatives would also promote experimentation with effective ways to use capital, especially computer-based instruction and televised presentations by master teachers. The cooperatives might, in fact, be the mechanism whereby high-leverage uses of technology are finally brought into the public schools.

Cooperatives might also provide school leaders As with teachers, school leaders would be contract employees and thus would not have to meet all the arcane requirements that apply to district-employed school principals. School districts facing shortages of principals would then be able to tap a fresh supply of people experienced in managing small organizations

Cooperatives would eventually be self-supporting Philanthropic funding and initiative, however, are needed to get them started.

— Paul T. Hill

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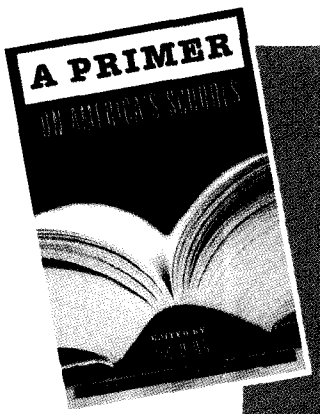

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